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VARIETIES OF CYCLAMEN PERSICUM.



DECEMBER, 1885,

The closing month of the year brings a time of retrospect of the season past, and plans and purposes for the future. Those who have been engaged in gardening operations should now be able to show some gains, material or mental, or both, for the expenditures of labor, time and money. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and the skillful and industrious gardener of this country can usually find a reward for his efforts at the end of the year. The elements of heaven have been kind to the student and the worker, and a number of important results have been achieved.

The garden, which has been adapted for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, has been a source of pleasure and instruction, and has been a place where the mind and the body have been strengthened. The garden is a place where the mind can find rest and refreshment, and where the body can find exercise and health. The garden is a place where the mind and the body can find a home, and where they can find a place to rest and refresh themselves. The garden is a place where the mind and the body can find a home, and where they can find a place to rest and refresh themselves. The garden is a place where the mind and the body can find a home, and where they can find a place to rest and refresh themselves.

paths out into the field of nature, each one of scope and interest sufficient a thousand fold for the leisure of a lifetime. The survey of the fields of nature is as yet but just commenced and is inexhaustible. Horticulture is many sided in its practical, theoretical and scientific relations.

For many pleasant features of our social life we are indebted to horticulture, as one instance we may name the use of flowers on Easter Sunday, which is now almost universal in this country. Then the ceremonies of Decoration Day, in which the use of plants and flowers in memory of our patriotic dead is the predominant part; and another we may mention, the custom, in many churches, of celebrating Rose Sunday, when the children bring great quantities of Roses into the church, placing them in every effective spot, and the whole place glows with their tints and is odorous with their perfume. Again, with the decorations of Thanksgiving Day, in its public observance, we are all familiar; and lastly, the use of evergreens at Christmas. These are all public occasions—in private life the employment of floral decorations is constant. The Christmas holiday, which will soon occur, will, no doubt, engage many of us in decorating our churches and our homes with evergreens, and it may be interesting to look back through



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The amateur gardener who has worked for the love of the art, who has sought beauty for its own sake in plants and flowers and fruits, who has increased the attractions of home, and thereby made stronger the bonds of a pure home life can surely count his gains high. When there are so many allurements that tend to debase and corrupt the young, so many amusements and practices that are moral pollutions, this gentle art of gardening, with the many attractions it is capable of exerting, has no small claims, on this account alone, if for no other, upon all who seek in their sons and daughters the nobility of pure and simple lives. All the sciences cluster about this art, one of the oldest known to our race. From it, as a center, radiate numberless

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the ages and notice the antiquity of this custom. An old English poem, entitled "Christmas," says :

From every hedge is plucked by eager hands
The Holly branch with prickly leaves replete
And fraught with berries of a crimson hue ;
Which, torn asunder from its parent trunk,
Is straightway taken to the neighbouring towns,
Where windows, mantels, candelsticks, and shelves,
Quarts, pints, decanters, pipkins, basons, jugs,
And other articles of household ware,
The verdant garb confess.

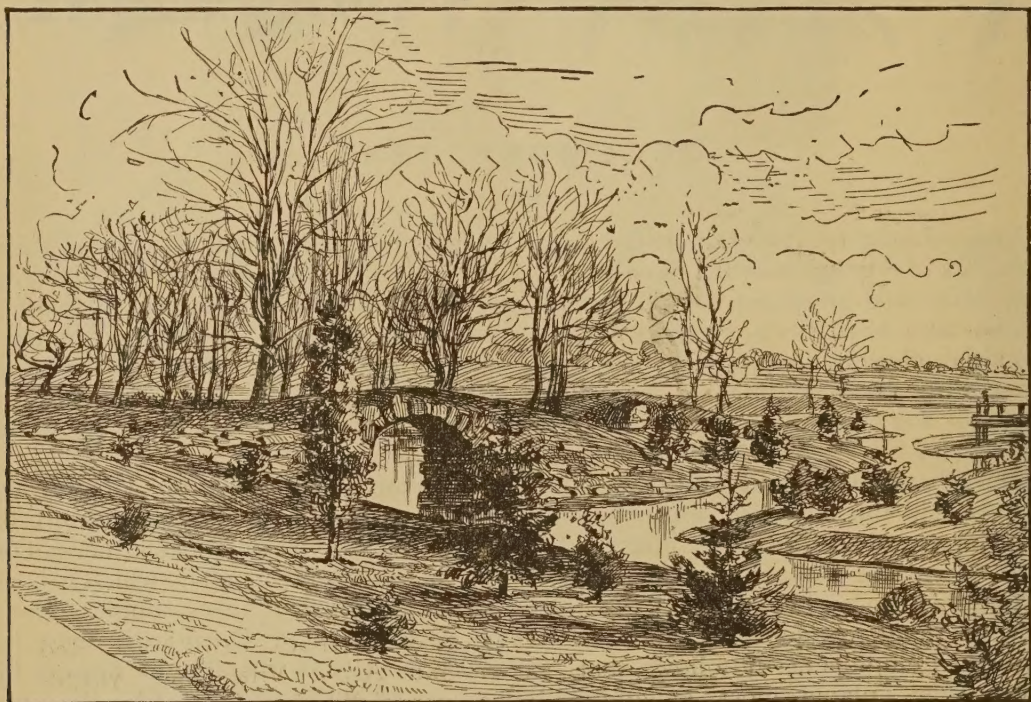
This style of decoration may be called profuse, and modern taste will not warrant its imitation.

Those who have investigated the subject say that decking the houses with evergreens at this season of the year, or the winter solstice, was an old pagan

ulation and observance of it in an orderly and moral manner was sought, and finally it was recognized by the church as a holiday anniversary of the birth of CHRIST.

An oration of GREGORY NANZIANZEN, who lived in the fourth century, is cited as showing the manner in which the feast was regarded by Christians at that time : " Let us not," says he, " celebrate the feast after an earthly, but an heavenly manner ; let not our doors be crowned ; let not dancing be encouraged ; let not the cross-paths be adorned, the eyes fed, nor the ears delighted ; let us not feast to excess, nor be drunk with wine."

To the northern nations of Europe this



WINTER SCENE IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

custom practiced long before the introduction of Christianity and by different nations. It was first, probably, a harvest celebration or feast, or, perhaps, in honor of the sun's return from the lowest point in the heavens. With this view, it must be regarded as a most natural and appropriate celebration, and as naturally attended with good cheer and good wishes as the rising of the morning sun. It was the Saturnalia of the Romans, which in time came to be attended with the wildest excess of revelry.

The keeping of this feast was first opposed by the early Christians, but as it was impossible to discontinue it, the reg-

annual festival, with others, was carried by the sway of Roman arms, and in each of them was modified somewhat by native customs. In the British Islands it was molded to some extent by the festal practices of the Druids, traces of which are yet to be noticed in the English Christmas customs. GAY, the poet, writing nearly two hundred years ago, gives this description of the preparation for Christmas :

When Rosemary and Bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawled in frequent cries through all the town ;
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year !
Now with bright Holly all the temples strew,
With Laurel green and sacred Mistletoe.

BRAND, the author of *Popular Antiquities*, remarks: "I am of opinion, although GAY mentions the Mistletoe among those evergreens that were put up in churches, it never entered those sacred edifices but by mistake, or ignorance of the sextons; for, it was the heathenish or profane plant, as having been of such distinction in the pagan rites of Druidism, and it, therefore, had its place assigned it in the kitchens, where it was hung up in great state, with its white berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right or claimed one of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss."

Several well authenticated instances are on record of the Mistletoe being put out of church after having been brought there for the purpose of decoration. At home, however, the Mistletoe was held in high repute among the young people, as it is to this time.

STOW, an old English writer, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, thus describes the custom of decorating for churches in his time: "Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with Holme, Ivy, Bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year affords to be green."

The Holme here mentioned is thought by some to be the evergreen Oak, and by others, the Holly.

The last clause in the above quotation makes it apparent that no particular plant was specially devoted to this season, but whatever the season "affords to be green" is employed. It follows that the evergreen plants most generally prevalent would become closely associated with the festival; such were the Holly and the Ivy, which grow most abundantly in the British Islands, but their use for ages there has given them no claim to priority, except as they are serviceable. As an instance, we may quote the following note published in an English gardening journal in 1878: "While at the Magpie Hotel, a few days ago, my attention was directed to what I consider to be a charming novelty in Christmas decorations. At the end of the large dining hall the greater part of the wall was covered with a fine bough of Cedar of Lebanon with about thirty cones scattered over it. The effect produced was far superior to the ordinary

display of evergreens one usually sees."

But the Holly, with its bright crimson berries is a most beautiful object, and when it can be had there is no fear it will ever be displaced for any other. As an evidence of the estimation in which the Holly and the Ivy were held was the fact that carols used to be chanted at Christmas in their praise. The following examples are quite ancient and of unknown origin:

HOLLY.

Here comes the Holly that is so great,
To please all men is his intent.

Allelujah!

Whosoever against Holly do cry,
In a rope shall be hung full high.

Allelujah!

Whosoever against Holly do sing,
He may weep and his hands wring.

Allelujah!

IVY.

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all bale she is bliss,
Well is he that may her reach.

Ivy is green, with colors bright,
Of all trees best she is,
And that I prove will now be right.

Ivy beareth berries black,
God grant us all His bliss,
For there shall be nothing lack.

In this country the Christmas decorations consist of whatever plants the season "affords to be green" in the different localities, and thus many kinds have been employed. In the Atlantic coast States the native Holly, which grows there, is used when it can be procured, but elsewhere dependence is made upon branches of Hemlock and Spruce, Red Cedar and Arbor Vitæ, the Lycopodiums, especially *L. dendroidium*, or Tree Club Moss, or Ground Pine, and *L. complanatum*, or Festoon Ground Pine, and *L. clavatum*, the common Creeping Club Moss. The Kalmia, or American Laurel, is used in localities where it grows, and in the South a variety of other plants with evergreen foliage are employed. The so-called Smilax, *Myrsiphyllum Asparagoides* is cultivated in large quantities for Christmas and other decorations of the winter season.

The Christmas tree set up in many homes in this country, bearing presents for the children, is a custom of German origin. For this purpose the Spruce is preferred, and sometimes the Hemlock; when these can be obtained no others will be used.

A species of Mistletoe, *Phoradendron flavescens*, an evergreen, parasitic shrub, grows in Kentucky and southwards; the leaves are of a yellowish-green, its fruit or berries are white, and it is quite similar in appearance to the English Mistletoe, *Viscum album*. It often grows abundantly on the Mesquite shrubs in Texas. This plant is gathered and sent to the eastern and northern markets for sale at the holiday season.

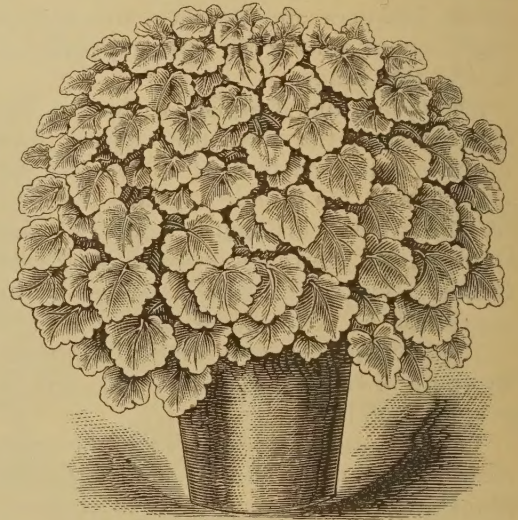
The observance of Christmas as a day for home gatherings and for gift making

to the members of the family and special friends, is universal in this country; as a church holiday, also, it has always been observed here by some prominent religious bodies, but not by all; but within the last twenty-five years the Sunday Schools of nearly all denominations have adopted its observance by decorating the churches with evergreens and flowers, and holding festivals for the entertainment of the children. It is a red letter day for young and old, and may it always be held in sacred memory.

PELARGONIUM MADAME SALLEROI.

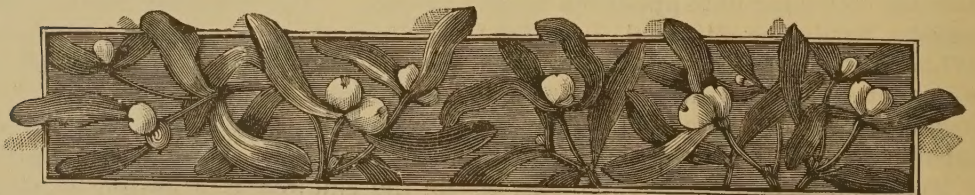
In this plant we have a silvery-edged leaf, something like Bijou, or Mountain of Snow; but the mode or habit of growth is entirely unlike that of any of the bedding Geraniums heretofore in cultivation. Instead of making a strong, upright stem, it sends out, at the surface of the ground, a great number of little stems, as short as one can well imagine to carry six or eight leaves on low foot-stalks, set as closely as possible together—a mode of growth which can better be compared to the stooling or tillering of some varieties of grasses than any other, except that these branches do not root. It will readily be seen that a plant growing in this manner must be very dwarf, compact and bushy, as this one is, and herein lies its beauty, in connection with its marked foliage, as a border or edging plant or for carpet bedding. It is a mass of handsome foliage that becomes larger and thicker as growth advances. It needs no pinching or clipping to keep it in shape. Among all the summer edging plants in use, we know of none superior to this one, and it is sure to be ex-

tensively employed as soon as it is better known. This plant is of French origin, but we cannot give its history. It is



PELARGONIUM MADAME SALLEROI.

propagated by making cuttings of the numerous little branches, and treating them the same as the cuttings of other Geraniums.



MISTLETOE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRASS OF PARNASSUS AND OTHER PLANTS.

Ten years ago I saw, for the first time, this rare and curious little plant, and although I have looked carefully for it every year in the same place since, I have never found it till yesterday. Driving along one of our country roads a few miles from this city, I suddenly caught the gleam of its white, star-like flowers



PARNASSIA CAROLINIANA.

in a meadow given over to bog grass and sphagnum moss; tying Kitty to a fence post, I crawled between the rails and entered into, not fairy land, but a veritable botanist's paradise.

Imagine a four or five acre meadow as green as in June, bordered on three sides with a luxuriant hedge of Golden-rod, and blue, purple and white Asters, the southern edge rising gradually up to a respectable hillside pasture. Beyond the Golden-rods and Asters, on the east, a

strip of woodland all ablaze with the gorgeous banners of scarlet, bronze and gold that October is busily hanging forth all over New England. A little brook wanders lazily through, so narrow we can jump across it in many places, and that is bordered with the Red Berried Alder, and the Willow, whose tops are draped and festooned with the plummy, feathery seed tufts of the White Clematis. All along the borders of the little stream the grass is blue with the blossoms of the Gentian, which looks "through fringed lids to heaven," not little, spindling stalks, with one small blue flower, but solid branching plants, with rank, dark green leaves, and dozens of blossoms and buds. Here and there, among the Alders, rise up the tall, dark, disappointing clusters of the Closed Gentian. How many times we have placed them in the sunshine, and tried to coax them to open, and wondered how they ever fertilized themselves. The Fringed Gentians do not grow all over the meadow, only close to the brook, but close to them we gather hands full of the rosy little heads of the Polygala sanguinea, and the yellow flowers of the common Buttercup, a wanderer from June. Scattered here and there among the patches of Sphagnum we find and pull up, roots and all, the dainty, graceful sprays of Gerardia tenuifolia; but instead of the lavender-purple dress, which it usually wears, it is gay in wild-rose pink, and is smaller than when we gather it on the open hillsides and in sandy soil.

At the foot of the southern slope we gather one flaming head of the Painted Cup, Castilleja coccinea, another wanderer from June. The red and white Clover heads make us almost think we have made a mistake in our calendar. We find only one Orchid in all this profusion of treasures, but the air is filled with the sweet odor of that one, so thickly is it growing all over the entire meadow; it is Spiranthes cernua, or Ladies' Tresses; very white and wax-like are its dainty

spirals, as we gather them by the dozen and lay them against a background of Fern fronds.

Now and then we find the *Epilobium coloratum*, with its small, pinkish flowers and queer seed-pods. There is an abundance of the *Polygonums*, both red and white, and the other side of the fence by the roadside, just where those clusters of the frost Grape hang from the old scarred Buttonwood tree, you can pull from the sand the pretty pink-blossomed *Polygonella articulata*; lay it aside to put with your grasses for winter bouquets, it dries very nicely. Over there, by the scarlet Maples, you may gather the Snake Head, *Chelone glabra*, if you will, grotesque, dingy white flowers, but put them in a vase with some of those indigo-blue Closed Gentians, and a spray of those ochre-colored Walnut leaves, and you find that you have a veritable "thing of beauty," even if it cannot stay "a joy forever."

We have left the rarest till the last; now take up carefully a root of the beautiful Grass of Parnassus, leave the Sphagnum and Bird's Claw Lycopodium all about the root, you want it all for the fernery. Each of those five white petals have a creamy tip, and those green veins are almost transparent; look at that

seed-ball, with the fifteen stamens standing, some with their yellow anthers still on around the base, above that dried brown calyx. Cut that seed-vessel crosswise, take the microscope and look at the pearl-like seeds, four little rosettes huddled closely together; they will take wings and fly away some windy day in two or three weeks hence. That fringe of stamens around the green globe of seeds are all sterile, the five larger, fertile ones, dropped off long ago. Notice the clasping leaf on the scape, the root leaves have long petioles and are already turning brown, but that solitary sessile one is still bright green.

The Grass of Parnassus is one of the most interesting plants known to botanists; it is somewhat rare throughout the United States and Canada. Some of our botanical writers speak of its flowering between June and September; it may in some localities, but here, in Massachusetts, it is generally found at the same time as the Fringed Gentian. It has a relative which grows very sparingly throughout the northwest, and another in the mountain bogs of Virginia and Carolina, which has larger leaves and flowers an inch and one-half across. There is no fragrance in any of them.—F. I. W. B., *Springfield, Mass.*

THE KOHL RABI.

The Kohl Rabi, or Turnip-rooted Cabbage, may be popularly described as a vegetable somewhat intermediate between the Turnip and the Cabbage. At first sight the leaves bear a considerable resemblance to the latter vegetable, but on a closer inspection we find that the stem just above the ground swells into a bulb, resembling a Turnip in size and shape, from which circumstance the popular name of Turnip-rooted Cabbage has been derived. It is a vegetable that is highly prized in Europe, and as it is fast becoming popular in this country, a few remarks on its cultivation may not be out of place. In order to obtain tender and succulent bulbs it is essential that the plants should be grown quickly, on a rich, deep soil, for if grown slowly, and on poor soil, the bulbs will be tough and inferior in quality; so, to ensure, if possible, a successful crop the ground should be properly and thoroughly prepared by

giving it a good dressing of well-rotted stable manure and working it in thoroughly with either the plow or fork. Every care should be taken to incorporate the manure with the soil as deeply as possible, when the seed can be sown in drills about two or three feet apart. Sow thinly, and as soon as the young plants are strong enough to handle, thin them out to about six inches apart. Keep the plants well cultivated at all times; hoe frequently, taking care to leave the chief part of the stem uncovered, and as soon as the bulbs are from three to five inches in diameter they are ready for use. A sowing should be made about the first of May, and again early in June and July, in order to obtain a succession of tender roots.

The Kohl Rabi is generally considered rather difficult to transplant, so that sowing the seed where the plants are to stand is the method usually adopted.

Now, I never had any difficulty in this respect. Indeed, I transplant all my thinnings with entire success, taking care



KOHL RABI.

to firm the earth well around the roots' and selecting rainy or cloudy weather for the operation.

For the earliest crop the seed should be sown in the hot-bed about the first of

April. Sow thinly in a shallow box of light, rich soil, and as soon as the young plants are well up remove to a cold-frame, gradually expose to the open air, and plant out when all danger of frost is over. In order to be successful with the early crop it is essential to preserve the plants from becoming drawn. With a moderate amount of care and attention Kohl Rabi is a certain crop, and those who have eaten it when properly prepared for the table esteem it as one of the most desirable of vegetables. An ounce of seed will produce about two thousand plants. The two principal varieties for table use are the following :

Early White Vienna; this is the very best variety for table use, having but few leaves, the bulbs are white and firm, and the plant is of dwarf habit.

Early Purple Vienna is similar to the above in every respect, excepting in color, but is equally as good for table use.—CHAS. E. PARNELL, *Queens, N. Y.*

FOLIAGE PLANTS IN IOWA.

Foliage plants for the garden must be those that will withstand the winds and the heat of the summer sun. It is a lamentable fact that some of our most beautiful plants are very tender.

Below is a list of foliage plants suitable for summer bedding in this climate :

Coleus may be grown very successfully in the garden.

Centaurea gymnocarpa, with its silvery white foliage, should occupy a prominent place in every garden; planted in proximity to Coleus, or some of the other dark leaved plants, not only is its own beauty enhanced by the contrast, but also that of the plants placed near it.

Achyranthes is very popular for its brilliant red. It is of easy culture and worthy of a conspicuous place.

Perilla is easily grown from seed, is a very pretty annual, and a fair substitute for Coleus when the latter cannot be obtained.

Cannas are highly prized for their beauty and their thrifty growing habit.

Euphorbia marginata, commonly called Snow-on-the-Mountain, is very pretty; the leaves are light green, margined with pure white.

Caladiums, when well grown, are the pride and delight of the gardener's heart,

but they cannot be relied upon so implicitly to fulfill expectations as the plants mentioned heretofore.

The Geraniums grown for their ornamental foliage must not be overlooked, though more difficult to raise. Many varieties of the Gold and Silver Tricolors and Bronzes are strikingly beautiful and hardy enough to endure out door culture, but some of them are too tender for the garden. The sweet-scented Geraniums are liked on account of their delightful fragrance and beautifully cut leaves.

For tropical looking beds, the Ricinus, or Castor Oil Bean, makes a good center. If given rich soil and good culture it may be induced to attain almost tree-like dimensions. A very pretty bed is made by using a group of different varieties of Ricinus, surrounded by one or more rows of Cannas, and these encircled by Coleus and *Centaurea gymnocarpa* or *Centaurea maritima*.

Among foliage plants for edgings, the following may be mentioned as being both very pretty and of easy culture : *Alternanthera* of different varieties. Golden Feverfew, *Cineraria maritima*, *Centaurea candida* and *Glaucium corniculatum*.—H. HOLLINGSWORTH.



PRIZE ESSAY.

How can the finest pot-plants of Chrysanthemums be raised, and what varieties are desirable?

Young cuttings of this popular fall-flowering plant should be rooted in sand, in greenhouse, with a gentle bottom heat, any time from the third week in February to the middle of March. About the first of April the rooted cuttings should be potted into three-inch pots, using any common garden soil. Those who do not have the convenience of a greenhouse, yet have the roots of last year's plants, which has been kept through the winter in boxes of soil in a light cellar, or protected in a cold-frame, should, about the first of April, divide the roots, putting a small piece of the root and shoots into a three-inch pot, the same as a rooted cutting.

Water moderately at first, and keep the plants in the house or under glass. Three or four weeks after this all should be repotted into four-inch pots, adding rather richer soil, and water as they need, and pinch out the top shoots to form them into good shape.

The next shift should be into six-inch pots, using good, rich soil, and about the middle of May plunge the pots into the ground, nearly up to the rim, about eighteen inches apart, in that part of the garden facing to the southeast, giving more water if the weather should be dry and warm. Also, give them weak liquid

manure water occasionally, and stop, or pinch off, the shoots to make them bushy. They can be raised to a single stem or bushy down to the soil, according to the grower's fancy. Having tried both, I prefer the latter method.

To obtain good, large, healthy plants, the last shifting should be into eight or ten-inch pots, adding the best rich soil made from old, well-rotted cow manure, or from old hot-beds. This last potting into their blooming pots should not be later than the second week in June, sinking the pots a little deeper in the ground, and two feet apart. The pinching off the top shoots must not be neglected, as they grow rapidly about this time; this may be done from time to time until about the last week in July, after which time they should be let grow to form their flowering buds, staking and tying out as they may require. Special attention must be given to watering; through the hot, dry weather of July and August they must be thoroughly watered at least twice every day, except in case the weather should be showery, and in extreme hot, dry winds even three times a day would be better. It will also be very beneficial to them, when the buds begin to form, to give them a good soaking with guano water twice a week. One large tablespoonful to two gallons of soft water will be strong enough; if this should be too offensive to the smell, the same proportion of Bowker's Flower Food can be used.

It is a very good plan to mulch the top of the pots with coarse, rotted cow manure; it will prevent the soil from getting hard in the pots from continual watering, also keep the roots cool. The pots should remain in the ground until the nights get cold, when they should be lifted to the surface, placed securely so that they will not be blown down by wind or storm, thus being ready to be lifted into shelter when there is danger of frost.

The insects known as black aphides are very fond of these plants, fixing themselves generally around the young shoots and flowering buds. The most effective way to get rid of them is to get a quarter or half pound of fine tobacco dust, sprinkle it with thumb and fingers on the tops of the plants after rain, or after being watered; most of the insects will

step down or fall down, and the few that remain can be washed off in watering. As often as the insects return give them the same reception, so that they will not have time to damage the buds or plants.

To decide what varieties are best for pot plants is the most difficult task, so many new and valuable ones being introduced every year. There are three classes of Chrysanthemums, viz.: Japanese, Chinese and Pompon. The first has ragged and fringed, large, loose flowers. One of the very best of this class is La Frisure, being dwarf, very early, large flower much fringed, light blush color, changing to nearly white; Elaine, Lady Selborne and Mrs. Charles Cary are all splendid, and pure white; Golden Dragon, twisted petals, large and good, golden yellow; Grandiflorum, very large, one of the very best, golden yellow; Hackney Holmes, splendid, bright crimson, tipped with gold; Rex rubrorum, rich crimson; Rosea superba, lilac rose, tipped with buff, large and good; Nuit d'Hiver, dwarf and free, bronze and brown, tipped with gold; Rubra striata, rosy salmon, very pretty.

Chinese varieties—Mrs. George Rundle, one of the very best in cultivation, pure white, incurved; Spotless, large and good, pure white; Webb's Queen, large and good, blush white; Golden Empress, very fine, primrose yellow, incurved; Jardin des Plantes, golden yellow, good; Lady Talfourd, delicate rose-lilac, splendid, incurved; Prince of Wales, rich violet-plum, very fine; President Wilder, large, crimson, tipped with gold, yellow button in center, very fine; Duchess of Connaught, large and finely incurved, splendid form, silvery blush; Felicity, flowers large and fine, cream color, late.

Pompon varieties—Arbre de Noel, compact and good, bronze and chrome; Bob and Fanny, both red and good, the latter late; Mademoiselle Marthe, flowers in large clusters, very fine, pure white; Montgolfier, beautiful, maroon, tipped with gold; Salamon, rich violet-plum; Model of Perfection, lilac and white; General Canrobert, fine and early, pure yellow; Souvenir de Jersey, small good, golden yellow, late; La Vierge, large, pure white; Perle des Beauties, large and good, rich amaranth purple.

The above are all good varieties, both old and new. There are many others not

named in this list that are very good, but most of the above varieties have been proved and found to be some of the very best. I find that many of the new varieties are not as hardy as some of the older kinds, especially some of the Japanese varieties lately introduced. Therefore, it is necessary that these should be grown in pots, so that they can easily be taken

into the house to prevent injury from early frosts.

As there is quite a difference between the early and late varieties, all who love these popular and beautiful late autumn flowers can enjoy their beauty from the first of November until Christmas or New Years day.—L. OAKEY, *Newburgh, New York*.

FRIENDS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

While new varieties of flowers are being continually introduced many of the older ones become so neglected that to a very large portion of the flower loving public they have become almost unknown, and frequently excite as much interest and admiration as the more highly praised newer ones. There is, as there should be, an attraction in novelty, but it should not cause us to neglect, or to risk the loss of that which is equally, or even more, meritorious, handed down to us from the olden time. Among the neglected flowers, the beauty and value of which has, through time, become obscured, are a few perennials sufficiently hardy to withstand a winter temperature of from 30° to 35° below zero, and yet which rival, in their beauty and adaptation to produce striking effects, many of the highly lauded, rare and tender flowers of later introduction. To mention these may cause surprise to some, who, admitting their beauty and value, will scarcely suppose that there are thousands of flower loving men and women to whom these old time favorites are entirely unknown. Yet these thousands, and especially those who live among the severe winters of high latitudes, will assuredly derive pleasure by acquaintance with some of these olden beauties.

Foremost in the rank of these let the scarlet perennial Poppy, *Papaver orientale*, be placed. Beautiful as are the *Pæonies*, they never equal the dazzling display which a clump of these Poppies afford. The foliage somewhat resembles that of some varieties of Thistles, but is by no means unattractive, especially during the spring season of the year. A clump of three or four years' standing will, during the month of June, present a compact mass of such foliage three feet or more in diameter, and nearly the same in height. From out of this the flower

stems shoot upward a foot or more higher, each stem being surmounted by a large single Poppy of a brilliant scarlet color, with large, blue-black blotches on the inside of each petal. Such a clump will usually have from ten to thirty flowers open daily for several weeks in succession, and forms an attractive object even at a distance of several hundred yards.

A few words as to its culture may not prove amiss. The seed is for sale at any respectable seed store, and may be sown in the same manner as most hardy seeds. The plants should not be mistaken for Thistles when they appear, as the resemblance to the latter is still closer when young than later. They will require no particular care, unless it be to keep the ground well enriched until they have formed large clumps, when it is advisable to divide them and remove to some new place in the garden or lawn. This division and removal should take place just as the old foliage dies down after mid-summer, and before new fall foliage—for it makes such—appears. The roots run downwards, similar to those of the Canada Thistle, and in removing, care should be taken to let the spade run deep before attempting to raise the plant. The seed sometimes sows itself, but when plants have been propagated through division for a number of years they fail to produce perfect seed; such, at least, has been my experience.

Another beautiful and showy perennial is *Spiræa palmata*. The foliage is handsome, while the flower-stems rise to a height of from three to four feet, ending in a pink, feathery plume of surpassing beauty and delicacy. It forms tuberous roots, which are apt to run to the surface of the soil and become too much exsosed; hence, it is best to transplant every two or three years, and in doing so they will be found to be very easy of propagation.

The double-flowered *Pyrethrums* are not as showy as either of the perennials mentioned, yet if you succeed in obtaining good plants from seed, as one is not unlikely to do, varieties of no small merit will be obtained. Indeed, any one who admires the Ox-eye Daisy will be content with the single-flowered, which resembles the Daisy, the colors varying, however, from white to dark red. From seed, one will probably obtain single, semi-double and double flowers. The plants should be divided every second year, as early in the spring as the ground will admit of. Where the winters are not very severe, this division would, perhaps,

be best in the fall season. In regard to the hardiness of this class of *Pyrethrums*, I must state that I lost every plant, last winter, excepting a lot of seedlings which were partially protected, but as among the plants so lost were some which had passed unscathed, without protection, through several winters when the thermometer at times indicated 35° below zero, I ascribe the loss to some other cause than that of the severity of the winter. It was due, probably, to the fact that the plants had become quite old and had not been divided for several years, though they had been transplanted during that time.—G., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

THE LAWN AND ITS EMBELLISHMENTS.

Early autumn is the time above all others for observing the beautiful effects which may be produced by an artistic arrangement of planting on the lawn, especially where due attention has been paid to the combination and blending of colors in flowers and foliage. In the practice which now prevails to a certain extent the beautiful effects which can be produced by the use of free-blooming plants—flowering plants, as they are called—in connection with others, are passed by, for the sake of the foliage alone, and we are fast drifting into a mannerism in lawn decorations that does not exemplify that beautiful and extensive variety that is so enchanting to a true lover of nature. Carpet beds are very attractive objects in themselves, but where they prevail to such an extent that but little else in the way of lawn decorations are to be met, they become extremely monotonous. It is not unusual now to observe a whole neighborhood in some wealthy locality where carpet beds and a few pot plants form the only decoration of the clean-shaved lawn. What is the reason of this paucity of varieties of plants? It is simply because it has become the fashion, and that so few people stop to think for themselves, especially in the matter of decorative gardening, but are led by the opinions of others. It may be that they are influenced in some particular direction by some sharp lecturer who rises in the community and sets himself before them as an arbiter of taste, and presents his peculiar views on certain subjects for

their consideration, holding up, perhaps, to their admiring gaze a huge Sunflower, which he styles the highest type of beauty in a flower; the idea pleases, and the *Helianthus* is immediately adopted as the standard of excellence among flowers.

A true lover of nature is never led captive by the opinion of others; he admires a thing for its own sake, and because he derives pleasure in the contemplation of it, and not because it has become the fashion to admire it. The greatest amount of pleasure that can be derived from decorative gardening is in a large variety of beautiful plants, and their appropriateness for the position they occupy. This should be the prevailing idea when planting a lawn, and if this idea is to prevail then all genuine lovers of the garden should endeavor to bring about a better state of things, by example and by writing, showing how much more pleasure may be given by employing a greater variety of plants. Every species and every variety is characterized by some peculiarity or touch of beauty that renders each individual plant interesting.

One of the principal causes of the present state of things is, that it requires but little skill to take care of the grass. After the lawn is once made and planted, any one can push the lawn mower and water the plants. Biddy can run the machine, if necessary, and often does; no fault can be found with this, because even the smallest bit of lawn, if well cared for, is always commendable, but where persons can afford it a greater variety should be shown.

Landscape gardening in its true sense is really a fine art, and should be encouraged as such, and if the same encouragement should be given the art in this country as in Europe, our home grounds,

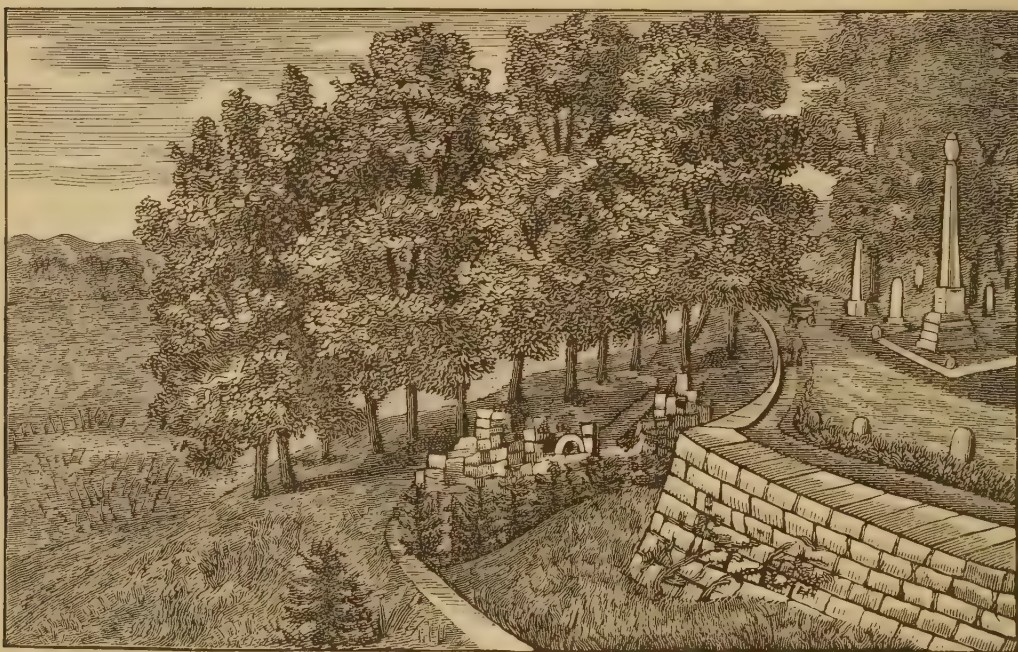
rich as some of them now are, would become still richer in trees, shrubs and flowers, and other objects which constitute a well arranged and attractive lawn. —WM. WEBSTER.

THE CITIES OF THE DEAD.

Perhaps there is no one feature which more pleasingly characterizes the culture of the age than the growing love for flowers, a feeling which is manifested by all classes, in accordance with their opportunities for the acquisition of correct taste and their means of gratifying it. The sentiment may sometimes be prostituted to the mere desire for display, as

pulsive and dreary in their aspects, and calculated only to inspire morbid sentiments and rebellious impulses, into open air temples for the message of God's love and a hope of the life to come.

This is, doubtless, a natural result of our advance in civilization, but a few master spirits direct every such movement. The MAGAZINE has frequently



VIEW IN OAK GROVE CEMETERY.

in the case of funerals, where the parties most interested are scarcely in a frame of mind to be the admiring recipients of floral tributes, and the not unfrequent notice, "friends are requested not to send flowers," testifies that at such times ostentatious display cannot "relieve the o'ercharged heart;" but within certain bounds there is nothing in the whole kingdom of nature so beautifully calculated to express and typify every shade of human feeling as flowers.

One phase of this feature of our civilization is the great change which is rapidly taking place in the silent cities which contain the remains of the hallowed dead, turning what were once places re-

contained eloquent pleas for that treatment of our cemeteries which would at once make them testimonies of our respect for the dead and of instruction for the living, and I have always read these articles with peculiar interest, emphasized as they are by the case of Oak Grove Cemetery, in this city. Scarcely a decade has passed since it was a wild, neglected spot, uncared for and even desecrated; seldom visited by the friends of the deceased, who, if they did muster sufficient courage to fulfil a pious duty, would, perchance, have their right of way disputed by a porcine herd already in possession and feeding on the rich harvest of Acorns which covered the ground.

Thanks to the persistent energy of one man, and the contagion of his example, this is now changed, and Oak Grove Cemetery is the pride of our city and an evangel of beauty to all who come within its influences. This has been accomplished without any expense to the general public, but its gates are open to all, not to the mourner or lot owner alone, but to the tired artisan, the anxious

the poor can see plants of which before they could only read, and they thus enjoy object lessons from the original. By the sale of plants, etc., these houses are, in a measure, self-sustaining, though they are not managed primarily with a view to profit, but, rather, as necessary adjuncts to the Cemetery, enlarged by the passionate devotion to horticulture of the President of the Association, Mr. J. W. LOSEY,



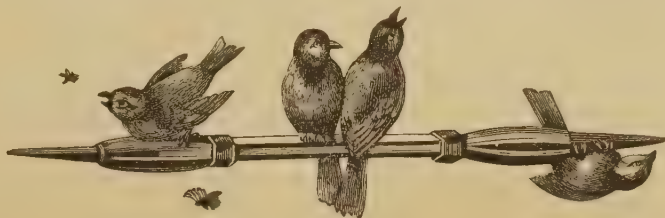
THE ROCK FOUNTAIN AND FLOWER BEDS.

mother with her precious charge, the languid invalid, and the robust, appreciative lover of nature. All of these frequent it daily and the lessons they learn are carried to their homes and exemplified in their life and practice. Cattle ordinances are enforced, fences are taken down, front yards graded, planted and kept neat and trim, until the entire city has begun to assume a continuous holiday appearance.

The propagation of the plants required in the Cemetery, necessitates a number of greenhouses, which contain a large collection of tropical and other rare plants, Orchids, Ferns, Palms, etc., and these also are open alike to rich and poor. In this respect, their value as educators cannot be over-estimated; in the grounds, combinations of color can be observed and studied, while in the conservatories

the gentleman already alluded to, and Mr. P. E. STEVES, the Superintendent. These are veritable enthusiasts in their work, and are always anxious to tell and to hear of some new thing.

The enclosed sketches of portions of the grounds will suggest more of the features of the Cemetery than pages of description. In the ten years just closed we have doubled our population, and no doubt much of the change which has taken place in the aspect of our city is due to our increase in wealth and numbers; but every community, however small, can achieve some measure of success, and to every dweller in each city or village in which its necropolis has not been made beautiful by the natural symbols of life, death and resurrection, I would say, "Here is a neglected mission."—R. CALVERT, *La Crosse, Wis.*



FLOWERS FOR OTTAWA.

As many of your readers live in Ottawa, or its suburbs, and many much interested in horticulture, yet, as the climate is peculiar, and many things will not stand our winters, which luxuriate in more favored localities close by, I have thought that a few words about what would, and what would not, endure our rigors, might be of interest, especially as there is the most unpardonable ignorance on the subject among the many agents who solicit orders for nurserymen. They either confess their ignorance frankly, or else, in the wisest manner, give unlimited information, which, in every case, I have found totally unreliable.

Now, all the Hybrid Perpetual Roses are perfectly hardy here, in fact, most of them would stand our winters, in a way, if left quite uncovered. That is, the branches would be killed back some, but the lower parts would be alive and throw up flowering shoots; but even the half Tea Rose, *La France*, if covered from the severity of the winter by bending the branches to the ground and holding them down with a sod or stone, and then covering for a foot deep with dry leaves, will stand the long, severe Ottawa winters, and not lose an inch of wood. There is, in Rose culture, this particular direction, that they should never be covered earlier than the 15th of November, but that on the first of September they should have a top layer of old manure from a cow stable spread over the beds. By the 15th of November this will be dry and ready to prevent the water from getting about the Rose branches. If they are covered before the 15th of November they are liable to steam with the sunshine of our Indian Summer, and on uncovering Roses in the spring, I have always lost more by being soaked with water and rotted by it than by frost; and this is quite true, even of well-drained beds, for it is not so much the water in the soil as the frost which has been melted by sunlight, and being closely confined by the leaves, has fermented and rotted the branches. So, I find it an excellent precaution to wind the most choice varieties in straw before bending them down, and then, although covered with leaves, a certain amount of ventilation is secured.

I find Pansies, Violets, and even the tender *Maria Louise Violet* quite hardy, if properly covered, but many plants are

lost by rotting, simply because wet leaves have become so closely packed as to prevent ventilation. A few loose evergreen branches thrown over a bed of Violets before putting on the leaves is an excellent safeguard, it keeps up the necessary ventilation to prevent decay.

The Funkias of all kinds are quite hardy, but the loveliest of them, the White one, is so slow in emerging from its winter sleep that the frost is upon us in such force as to cut off its flower stems long before the buds open. The following plan removes all difficulties, viz.: put it in a cellar, or pit, during the winter, and do not bring it out until the first of May, when several weeks time will have been gained, and perfect flowers will be secured. All the varieties, except the White, take care of themselves and flower luxuriantly before the frost appears.

The *Bignonia radicans*, or Trumpet Creeper, which is the loveliest of vines, is perfectly hardy as to its roots, but it is perfectly impossible to save the wood, and we have only each year the new growth, which, however strong, will not produce flowers. I have tried for years by the most careful covering to save some well ripened branches, which would, in the second year, bear flowers, but although the covering was sometimes two feet deep, the wood itself was always dead. The same is quite true of the *Akebia quinata*, while the Dutchman's Pipe and *Clematis Virginiana*, and *Clematis graveolens*, a most lovely creeper, which no insect, not even a spider, ever approaches, and which is fresh and green almost until Christmas, are perfectly hardy to their very tips and need no covering of any kind in winter; and the same may be said of the Scarlet Trumpet Honeysuckle, while Hall's Japan Honeysuckle must be covered or its wood dies, but it is a lovely plant, and so luxuriant that even here it is worth the trouble of protecting.

The Perennial Pea is perfectly hardy, but, lovely as the pink one is, if it receives plenty of sunshine, the white one is far lovelier, and it is a wonder that, with our scarcity of hardy creepers, this lovely one does not receive more attention. All these, however, will not do in a shady place, but must be in the bright sunshine, and receive manure top-dressing spring and fall to do their best.

One word more about Roses. After a

successful experience of years in growing Roses, and with a collection of nearly one hundred and fifty varieties, I must say one word in favor of a Rose, called new, but which, having been three years in the market, ought to be, by this time, in the collection of every one who can grow a Rose at all. If I could have but one Rose, it would be Marshall P. Wilder, if but two, that and La France. It is a wonder that, with such a gem to introduce to the public, its owners, Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, have ushered it into notice with such moderate encomiums. I received this variety one spring at the same time with a box from England and one from Washington, of choice varieties. Before a single one of them had made shoots an inch long, this had shot out vigorous branches full of buds, which long before they looked ready to bloom fairly burst, like rockets, into lovely scarlet velvet balls, of most perfect shape, radiant color, velvety surface, and good consistency. It is exactly like Alfred Colomb in color and shape, but much more vigorous in habit of growth, and produces more flowers. Moreover, its flowers are held up, and not left lying on the ground, as is the case with so many fine varieties. In fact, Marshall P. Wilder is a very much improved Alfred Colomb in every way, and that is saying quite enough, for by common consent of the best Rose judges in England, Alfred Colomb has always been in the very front rank of merit.

I was perfectly astonished to read, in the report of a Canadian society, the remarks of two professional nurserymen and Rose venders, perhaps Rose growers, that Marshall P. Wilder they had "seen and admired, but it had not been long enough in the market to warrant them in expressing an opinion of it." Now, how can professional nurserymen be so dull, so slow, after such a Rose as this has been for three seasons, at least, in the market, and after they have seen it in its perfection on the very grounds of its originator, they should still fear to take so hazardous, so important and critical a step as "to pronounce an opinion about it," about a Rose so quick, so generous to show, to every one who would know, what manner of Rose it is! It is, moreover, one of the very toughest and hardiest Roses in cultivation, and as perpetual a bloomer as a Tea Rose.

I see that I have forgotten to mention Wistarias; they are so beautiful and so hardy, even here, but require to make some good growth of strong, ripe wood before blooming. They will stand our winters without covering, but are infinitely better for being laid down and covered with leaves, like a Grape vine.

Let no one try to grow an *Althæa* or a *Forsythia* in Ottawa; the *Althæa* is killed outright, the *Forsythia* so badly nipped that it will not bloom no matter how well covered.—SARAH HOWARD, *Ottawa, Ontario.*

BLOOMING PLANTS FOR PITS.

Having had several years' experience in cultivating flowers and preserving them during the winter in a pit, I have, of course, noted the varieties that thrive best and bloom most profusely in such winter quarters.

On account of their importance, the *Geraniums* must first be mentioned, most of them having many brilliant blossoms, and all being easy to manage.

Ardisia crenulata, although not cultivated for its flowers, is always an attractive plant, its berries being so bright in hue and the foliage so glossy. The shape of the plant, too, is symmetrical. Every one should have an *Ardisia*.

The *Heliotrope*, too, seems determined to bloom all the time in the pit, if given

sufficient light and water; and the monthly *Pelargoniums* are treasures, with their delicate, pansy-like blossoms.

But I have never had any plant that gave greater pleasure and brighter blooms than the climbing *Nasturtium*. I remember that I had, one winter, a box containing two or three vines of the *Lobbianum* varieties. These were trained around the back and ends of the pit, and the gay blooms were produced in great numbers. I think I have never had any flowers so admired during the winter.

I have, even at night, carried a lamp to the pit, at the request of visitors, that they might enjoy a sight of my floral treasures.—E. B. H., *White Plains, Georgia.*

FOREIGN NOTES.

GARDEN PLANTING.

We have frequently pressed upon the attention of our readers the meagreness of the display of flowering shrubs in most of our gardens. It is a great defect that is seen on most places of considerable and medium size. The entire lack of system in ornamental planting is no less conspicuous. The following from the *Journal of Horticulture*, gives a glimpse of the wealth of hardy plants in store for effective planting. A few of the plants here mentioned are not suitable for some localities in this country, but there are many others to take their place, and the half is not here told.

"It is surprising to what extent a garden of small dimensions may be made beautiful by the exercise of intelligence and good taste. It is not the thousands of plants employed, but the way in which they are selected and disposed, that makes the most effective display. We make trees and shrubs play an important part in combination with hardy flowers in the decoration of the flower garden—that is to say, no flowering plants are placed in any part except in combination with trees and shrubs. Every border of hardy flowering plants has a suitable background of trees and shrubs, and these are planted in such a form as to create suitable nooks and crannies for the growth of valuable Lilies and other choice hardy plants. Thus, in one part we have an irregularly formed bed of Rhododendrons and Giant Azaleas, the latter planted amongst the former, and around the margin is a border varying in width from two to eight feet. At the back of one of the widest of these curves is a group of Hollyhocks; a little on the right a strong group of Chrysanthemum maximum; on the left a group of Delphiniums; standing out boldly is a group of Lilium candidum, double purple and white Rockets, Delphinium cashmerianum, Polemonium Richardsoni, Helenium pumilum, Campanulas, Gladiolus, Tigridias, and other hardy plants, whilst the foreground is filled with masses of Zinnias, Stocks, Asters, Petunias, Salpiglossis, Coreopsis,

Gilias, Godetias, Alyssums, Virginian Stocks, Marigolds, Verbenas, &c. In another nook will be a fine well established group of Lilium auratum in the background, with single Dahlias, Pentstemons, Helianthemums, Lilium aurantiacum, Rudbeckia Newmanni, and so on. Another group will have a Portugal Laurel, Weigelas, Berberis Darwini, Aucubas, and Conifers for a background, with groups of Lilies, single Dahlias, Lobelia cardinalis, Pentstemons, Foxgloves, hardy Fuchsias, and Hibiscus, Gladiolus, Carnations, with Stocks, Asters, and other annuals in the foreground. Immense slopes thrown up to hide unsightly objects have their summits crowned with now lofty trees of Poplars, Cedrus Deodara, Cupressus Lawsoniana, double Hawthorns, Lilacs, Aucubas, and lower down choice Rhododendrons and Azaleas, with Lilium croceum, Solomon's Seal, Anemone Japonica and Honorine Jobert, patches of Helleborus niger, common Primroses, and Lily of the Valley, growing under their shade; whilst here and there the margins boldly develop into large borders filled with the choicest Roses, carpeted with Mignonette in summer and Primroses in winter and spring. Similarly planted is every shrubby border, either with Roses, hardy herbaceous plants or annuals. Bold rockeries too are formed for alpine plants. These are a few examples of what can be done by means of hardy plants alone."

THE DAFFODIL AND NARCISSUS.

It is doubtful whether any flowers are more popular than these. At the present time the general demand for them is enormous, and has been for several seasons past; but an immense impetus was given to a previously large trade by the Daffodil Conference held in London in April, 1884, when a magnificent display was made. Previous to this they were admired by a large circle of enthusiasts, but the number has greatly increased. Many amateurs, however, are not satisfied with some of the bargains they purchase; cheap offers of Daffodils are taken

advantage of, but when the flowering season comes, the wild *N. Pseudo-Narcissus*, collected, may be, direct from some meadow or wood, is found to be the one in the garden, and a disappointment is experienced. The price of many of the best varieties is much against their cultivation. We may hope they will be within reach of most of the flower loving public at some time; meanwhile, much greater discrimination might be exercised in purchasing the cheaper but really beautiful kinds in limited quantities for garden decoration, rather than spending even small amounts upon one common variety. No wonder Daffodils are so popular when we consider their hardy constitution, time of flowering, and their value as garden ornaments and for floral decorations. If a good selection is made a feast of their beautiful forms may be enjoyed for many weeks of the spring season, beginning with the little *nanus*—often called the “Fairy Daffodil” in Ireland—and *obvallaris*, and ending with the later varieties of *N. poeticus*. Their value in a cut condition can scarcely be over-estimated.

The demand for some varieties is enormous. For instance, I knew one grower who sent not less than five hundred dozens of *N. poeticus ornatus* to one florist in Scotland the day before Good Friday last, and every one was sold; and turning to some correspondence I have upon the subject I notice that one grower in the Scilly Isles sent off, mainly to London market, not less than two thousand dozens of the same variety during Easter week, while as many as eight thousand dozen blooms, of only a few kinds, were despatched in one week by the same grower, and all realized a remunerative price, so much so that their culture is being largely extended, about five acres of land being now occupied with them. One word of advice is useful on this point. They should be cut in an advanced bud state, and expanded in water, if in a warm room or greenhouse so much the better: the flowers will be much larger, cleaner, and last longer than if allowed to remain upon the plants until quite expanded. This is an immense advantage, especially when required for sending a long distance; the forward buds can be cut, stood in water for a time, and then pack for traveling.

All require a well drained soil, well enriched with rotten manure; that from a stable I have found most satisfactory. A deep stirring of the soil is needful, and the manure should be placed beneath the bulbs, a little soil being put between so that they are not in direct contact with it. This means a little extra trouble, but the result is more than commensurate with the labor incurred. Big bold Daffodils will be the reward, as well as unusual bulb-development, which in the case of choice forms means much. Under this treatment my stock of *Empress* doubled itself in one season, while three hundred bulbs of *Poeticus ornatus*, planted last autumn, produced when lifted in July last nine hundred and thirty bulbs, none very small, and many much larger than the originals.—J. T. R., in *Journal of Horticulture*.

VICTORIA REGIA.

This splendid member of the order *Nymphæaceæ*, the exceptionally fine growth of which has been the admiration of visitors to the Brussels Botanic Gardens this year, is not, as might be supposed, very difficult of cultivation. Once established, the plants only need attention in giving heat and air and keeping them clean. The temperature of the air and water are not without influence, but it is the quality of the water more particularly which determines success.

Raised from seed which had grown spontaneously at the bottom of the tank from the preceding year's growth, the *Victoria* was set out at the beginning of May. It was planted in a bottom composed of pond mud and charcoal, resting on a substratum of large *scoriæ*, through which was led the pipe of a thermosyphon. The whole formed a sort of mound about thirty-two inches high in the center. Immediately after planting, the tank was filled with water enough to give a depth of three-tenths to four-tenths inches of water over the crown of the plant, which depth was gradually increased to twelve inches. The temperature of the water had been raised to 68°, Fahrenheit, and was gradually increased to 82° Fahrenheit. That of the air was kept at 68° to 70° Fahrenheit, and sometimes, with the sun's aid, rose as high as 111° Fahrenheit, (35° Cent.) Whenever it exceeded the latter air was given. Al-

though exposed to the sun's rays all day long, the plant was never shaded. Only some climbers and a few tussocks of *saccharum* served to break a little the intensity of the light.

The first flower opened on June 15, measuring twelve and eight-tenths inches in diameter. At this time the leaves had attained their full size, and measured six feet six inches and nine-tenths across, with four-inch raised margins. The spectacle presented was a most remarkable one.—*Belgique Horticole*.

HOW TO CUT LILIES.

The usual practice in cutting flowers of Lilies for in-door decorations is to select blooms that are fully developed, and it is surprising cultivators should not have long since discovered that the expanded blooms are the least desirable of all. This remark applies with more or less force to all the Lilies in general cultivation, but I would now specially refer to the varieties of *Lilium speciosum* which are still contributing to the attraction of the herbaceous borders. As these Lilies bloom thus late in the season there is of course considerable risk of the flowers being somewhat disfigured by the rains and winds to which they are necessarily exposed. It is also extremely difficult to cut the flowers, carry them to the house, and arrange them without shaking the pollen over the segments or petals, and in some degree spoiling their appearance. Especially is it desirable to avoid distributing the pollen over the white flowers, for it is impossible to remove it, any attempt in that direction invariably making matters worse. Staining the flowers with pollen may of course be avoided by the removal of the anthers before the flowers are cut, but I have a strong objection to the blooms being mutilated. But by the course I shall suggest, the flowers may be had upon the table in the most perfect condition and without the slightest stain. The suggestion I have to make is that the flowers be cut before they are expanded, and be arranged where they are to remain that there be no necessity for handling them after they are open. If they have simply to be cut and taken in doors, those of which the segments are beginning to part at the points should be selected. But if they have to be sent a long distance by parcels post

or rail, buds should be selected that have attained their full size, but without showing any signs of opening. They should be cut from the main stem with as great a length of stalk as possible, and be at once put in water or have a little damp moss wrapped round the base of the stalk according whether they are to be used immediately for decorative purposes or are sent any distance. It may be useful to state, that those cut as the segments are beginning to unfold will expand in the course of the day following, whilst the full grown buds will not attain full development until the second day. When they have to be sent any distance, cutting Lilies in the bud state is a manifest advantage, for a large number can be packed in a small box and dispatched with the full assurance of their reaching their destination with perfect safety.—G., in *Gardeners' Magazine*.

SEDUM SIEBOLDI.

One of the most striking objects amongst autumn flowers has been a large mass of this rosy-flowered Stonecrop, the huge heads of which when fully expanded form one dense mass of bloom, of which bees and most kinds of winged insects seem unusually fond. I should think, therefore, that owners of gardens who go in for bee-keeping might with advantage plant this *Sedum* in quantity in close proximity to their hives. Honey-supplying flowers are at this date getting limited, and I may remark, for the benefit of those who have not tried this useful plant, that it will grow freely in the driest and poorest soil. I have some growing amongst rockwork in which the soil is very limited; nevertheless, even during the late long protracted drought, when other plants could scarcely be kept alive, great clumps of this *Sedum* seemed to enjoy the heat, the heads of bloom being finer and higher colored this season than usual. There is no difficulty whatever in its cultivation; small pieces of it put in at this date develop into large clumps by next year, and in no way does it show itself to such advantage as in single isolated clumps. In mixed borders it is useful for filling up the spaces between the earlier flowering Lilies, Larkspurs, Phloxes, and other herbaceous plants, to which it affords a good succession.—J. G. H., in *Gardening Illustrated*.

MINIATURE.

This new variety of Polyantha Rose which was first sent out in France last spring, is mentioned thus particularly in a late number of *Revue Horticole*: "This Rose is nothing less than perfection, a veritable lilliputian jewel. It forms a little round-topped bush, which is nearly always in flower. It is assuredly one of the most remarkable varieties that has been produced from Rosa Polyantha." The following description of it we gather from a trade source: Plant vigorous, bushy, extra free blooming, from eight to twelve inches in height; flowers very small, double, well made, produced in corymbs; color, a rosy-white.

HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.

Some years ago I was called upon to furnish every year three dozen Hyacinths for a London conservatory. There was no fixed time for them to be in flower, but they were required to be in the best possible condition, that is to say, the spikes of flowers were expected to be fairly uniform in height and well developed. I tried various plans of growing them, but I found I had much the best results when the glasses were filled with water in the usual way, with the base of the bulb just touching the water and then burying the glass, bulb and all, in the ground close to a warm wall, the top of the bulbs being of one uniform depth of two inches under the surface. This was done about the middle of October. In frosty weather old mats were placed over them, or long litter, according to the severity of the frost, and that was all the attention which they had while they remained there. As a rule, the leaves were peeping through the soil about the middle of February, and this was the signal to take them up. They were then taken to a cool greenhouse

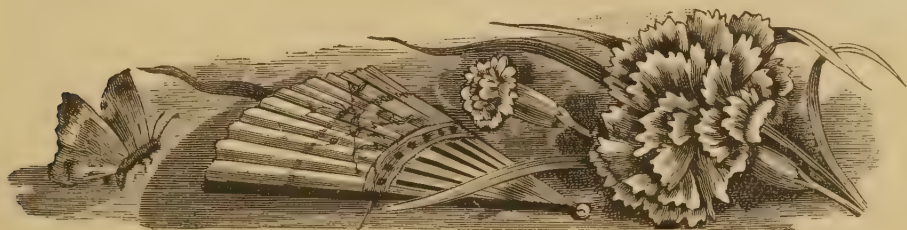
and kept dark for a few days, when they were gradually allowed more air, and this treatment was continued until they came into flower, and I think finer Hyacinths could not possibly be grown in water than they were. As to coddling the bulbs in any way, I do not agree with it; changing the water does more harm to the roots than it does good, and as regards the health and growth of the bulbs, placing charcoal in the water is quite harmless, either for good or evil. I always used rain or pond water.—J. C. C., in *The Garden*.

A RARE ANNUAL.

The following is from the *Journal of Horticulture*: A lovely little annual is *Ionopsidium acaule*, though little known and rarely seen, and if introduced again as a new plant would become popular. In the Whittington Nurseries, at Litchfield, there is a good breadth of it now in full beauty. It forms a carpet of lovely silvery grey close to the ground, and as it has a habit of reproducing itself so freely from seed, no one need fear of losing it, as thousands of young plants are coming up about the bed from self-sown seeds. Such plants will give a charming spring display, whilst spring sown seeds out of doors give a later bloom.

MIGNONETTE MACHET.

The foreign journals mention very favorably this new variety. One correspondent says, "I regard it as a very fine variety, of close-growing, robust habit, but short of stature, with dense large spikes of flowers with brightly colored stamens and most fragrant. It is a great acquisition and a thorough pot Mignonette. Out of doors the plants should be a few inches apart. This, Golden Queen, and Miles' Spiral, are three first-class Mignonettes."



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

PRUNING ROSES, &c.

I should be very glad if, in your next number, you would give me some information about the pruning of Hybrid Perpetual Roses. Should it be done in the spring, or in the autumn after the leaves have fallen? I have two small beds, about eight feet by four feet. In each bed are six large Hybrid Perpetuals, which every year out-grow their quarters, besides shooting upward in a very unsightly manner. What would be the effect upon the bloom, of trimming them symmetrically, like any other shrub?

Will you oblige me, and I have no doubt others of your readers, by publishing a list of flowers which will bloom during the whole summer? Petunias, Dwarf Marigolds, Scarlet Geraniums and Phlox are all I can think of.

Do Hybrid Perpetual Roses require protection except about the roots?—E. R. D., *near Boston, Mass.*

In our northern climates it is best to defer the pruning of Roses until spring, but on some accounts it is better to be done early in spring, and before there is any sign of growth. If our inquirer, or others who may wish to know about this subject, will refer to page 26 of the present volume, some important facts in regard to pruning will be found there recorded. In the present case we would advise that the long shoots be pegged down, and receive some protection of leaves during winter; that in spring the shoots be shortened only about one-third of their length, and that they be kept in the same horizontal position. The result will be that a great number of upright shoots will be formed, and a great amount of bloom will set. After blooming these upright shoots can be shortened, and a new growth will succeed, bearing flowers in autumn.

The pruning for the next year will depend upon the growth of the central shoots; if these are sufficiently strong they can be treated as those that have now been described, but, if not, all the old layered part can be cut away, excepting a few—six or eight—of the most central shoots, and these can be cut half way back.

Besides Petunias, Phlox, Marigold and Geraniums, that bloom for a long time, we may mention Ageratum, Candytuft, Alyssum, several kinds of blue Lobelia, Portulaca, Verbena, Tropæolum, Helio-

trope, Cuphea, Lantana, Abutilon, and the China, Tea, Bourbon and Polyantha Roses.

THE NUTMEG.

A person anxious to raise a Nutmeg plant, wishes to know if it is practicable, if it is so, please state under what conditions, and in what kind of soil. Should the nut alone be planted, or the nut with the shell on?—S. L. J.

It is not practicable in this climate without unusual facilities, including a glass house arranged for growing tropical plants, to attempt to raise a Nutmeg plant. The Nutmeg is a tree that, under favorable conditions, grows from twenty-five to forty feet high, with a large, branching head. The trees are raised from seeds or layers. In raising these from seeds the fresh nuts are planted with the shell on. The Nutmeg of commerce is a native of the Molucca and neighboring islands. It has been carried by cultivation to India and China and to several of the East India Islands and to the West Indies. The trees arrive at a bearing state when about fifteen years old. The fruit has something of the appearance of a small Peach, smooth and green when young, but acquiring a reddish color at maturity. When ripe it opens at a suture, or furrow, that runs down on one side, and shows the nut in a black shell, which is covered with a crimson network tissue, which is the mace of commerce.

PROPAGATION OF CLEMATIS.

I have succeeded, this summer, in rooting a branch of the large-flowered white Clematis, and thinking it might be of interest to some of your readers, I write you concerning it. I did it something after the method given on page 84 of the March number of your MAGAZINE for 1882, for root-woody branches. I have Clematis Jackmanni and a white Clematis growing together against the front porch. I nailed the lid of a cigar box, with a slit cut in it, end ways on to the porch, and on this I fastened a Strawberry box with the bottom out. I then inserted the branch into the slit in the lid and passed it up through the Strawberry box. Of course, this was done at a joint, the joint being a little above the middle of the box. The branch was held in the center, the cigar box lid forming a bottom, and then filled all around with earth and covered with moss.

I watered it whenever it seemed to be drying out. I have recently severed it from the parent vine and taken it out of the box, and found it had formed fine large roots. I did the same with a branch of Clematis Jackmanni, but I am sure now the wood was too old to succeed, as it made no roots. I am delighted to find the Clematis so easy to propagate. I owe it to you that I have done so, having gotten my idea from the article mentioned. It took about two months to accomplish this. Would you advise me to put this young plant out of doors this fall, or would it be best to keep it in conservatory or cellar?

Your MAGAZINE is a treasure that I look for anxiously each month. I have all the volumes from the time it was first published.—Mrs. M. R. D., *Manistee, Mich.*

The young plant of Clematis can be best kept through the winter in the cellar, burying its roots in soil. We are pleased that our correspondent has made this report, as it brings again to the notice of our readers the easy method of increasing the Clematis, as she describes. There is no difficulty about it, only requiring a little daily attention to water when the weather is dry.

BEGONIA—TUBEROSES.

Will you please tell me what to do for my Begonia rubra? It grows down to one side, and as the young leaves thrust forth, they touch the edge of the pot and become disfigured, and they are pale and sickly in appearance, instead of being the rich, dark color that is proper. The plant seemed to do finely all summer, except that the leaves were all more or less damaged in the way spoken of. I have it in a four-inch pot, right up against the window pane, an east window, and about five feet from the floor. The room is usually quite warm. I have a nice collection of Begonias, and all but rubra in fine condition.

Then, what ailed my Tuberoses? I got half a dozen, last spring; one I started early in the house and put it out when the weather got warm, and it bloomed all right. Three more I planted some weeks later, and none of them ever showed a sign of blooming. The remaining two were planted still later, one is in bloom now, the other is "nothing but leaves." I never had such luck with them before, and I always like to have a few to bloom in the early winter.—C. M. McN., *Tuscola, Illinois.*

The Begonia can be best managed by having a neat stick of proper size thrust down beside it, to which it can be tied. If the plant is not healthy, as the reference to the "pale and sickly" hued leaves indicate, we should examine the roots to ascertain if the soil is sufficiently drained, and remedy it, if found defective, by shifting into another pot of the same size with plenty of broken crocks for drainage, at the same time removing some of the soil at the bottom and supplying other that is fresh.

The Tuberoses, apparently, were not far enough advanced at the planting time.

Those that have not bloomed should now be kept in a dry and warm place through the winter, and be planted again next spring, when undoubtedly they will bloom. The Tuberose bulbs should be kept through the winter in a room that is heated, as a low temperature is fatal to the little flower stem enclosed in the bulb.

POTATO YIELD—BEGONIA.

In the October number of 1883, of your valuable MAGAZINE, I saw a notice there of a party raising eighty-four pounds of Potatoes from one pound of Early Gem. From the pound of Early Gem Potatoes which I procured from you, last spring, I raised eighty-five pounds of Potatoes, eighty-one pounds averaging from two ounces up to one and a half pounds, and four pounds of small ones. I can, I think, beat that next year; the Potatoes while growing, froze down twice, or else I would have had more still.

Please let me know the name of the flower sent in this letter. It has been in bloom ever since last May, and it is blooming still, and apparently will continue in bloom much longer.—A. K., *Allen, Colorado.*

The name of the flower is Begonia Weltoniensis.

HOUSE PLANTS—CALYSTEGIA.

I have a Crassula lactea which I have had four and one-half years; it is in a five and one-half inch pot, and has never bloomed. It has not been repotted for two and a half years. The soil was very poor, with no fertilizer. It is getting to be some pot bound; shall I repot it into a larger pot with richer soil, or let it be as it is? How old has it got to be to bloom? The catalogues class it as a winter bloomer, but I have failed to find it such.

I plunged my Geraniums in the bed, this summer, without giving them new soil. When ought I to give them new soil to prepare them for winter blooming. Ought they to be cut back and repotted into larger pots?

Will Daphne odorata and Olea fragrans succeed as house plants in a room heated by a stove?

How can Calystegia pubescens be eradicated from a garden which it has taken possession of?—C. W. W., *Strafford, N. H.*

Try keeping the Crassula almost dry through the spring and summer, exposing it at the same time to the sun. Commence giving more water in September, and continue through fall and winter, thus giving the plant alternate seasons of rest and growth.

September is a good time to repot Geraniums, and to pinch the terminal buds of the branches to make them branch freely into new growth for winter blooming.

The Daphne and Olea will probably succeed in the room inquired about if the temperature is not too high or too changeable, near 60° or 65° is best.

Calystegia pubescens when it has got a foothold can be eradicated only by persistently cutting off every leaf and shoot of it that appears above ground. It will take some time to do it.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

My Chrysanthemums are covered with small, wingless insects, concentrated mostly around the flower stems. Can you tell me what will take them off? Have tried Whale Oil Soap and carbolic acid, but without success.

Will not Chrysanthemums mix and become impure after the first year, if set together?—W. D.

The insect is a black aphid, and Persian Insect Powder dusted on will kill them.

Chrysanthemums kept together will not mix—cross fertilization, when it occurs, affects the seed, not the plant.

NORWAY AND WHITE SPRUCE.

ROBERT DOUGLASS, the best authority on the subject, claims that our native White Spruce is superior to the Norway Spruce in vitality. After the Norway Spruce has reached the age of thirty years and assumed a grand size it begins to decay, first, by loss of its foliage near the trunk, and which gradually extends toward the extremities of the branches, and then its leader dies, and the annual lateral growth is very small, and the whole tree takes on a rusty, unhealthy appearance, its disfigurement increasing until death ensues.

The White Spruce, *Abies alba*, is a much longer lived tree; it is a slower grower than the Norway Spruce, but continues in vigor long years after the latter has lost all claims to beauty. In planting it is best to group these two trees together in such a manner that a good effect will be retained when, on account of old age, the Norway Spruce shall have been removed.

WINTER WILD FLOWERS.

In taking up the Trailing Arbutus and One-flowered Pyrola for blooming in the house, be careful to select plants that are already budded. They need a cool, moist air. If you have a Wardian case that has been filled with tender plants which need a season of rest, these and other charming little woodland plants will take their place for the winter. The One-flowered Pyrola, *Moneses*, may be taken up in a tuft of frozen moss, and placed under a common bell glass, where

it will bloom in February or March; and the Indian Pipe, *Monotropa*, may be grown in the same way.

Some of our native violets, particularly the common blue and the downy yellow, will help to make a pleasing variety in the window garden, and will do well wherever Snowdrops and Crocuses will grow. A wonderful increase in the size and number of their blossoms rewards a little extra care.—J. V., *St. Stephen, N. B.*

ORCHID SALE.

An extensive sale of Exotic Orchids was held in October, in New York city. They were the property of the late Mrs. M. J. MORGAN, of Madison Square. The collection originally cost about \$200,000, and the aggregate sales amounted to less than one-third of that sum. Besides our own countrymen, the purchasers included agents from VEITCH & SONS, of London, and SANDER & Co., of St. Albans, England.

SIEBRECHT & WADLEY, florists, of New York, paid \$900 for a specimen of *Vanda Sanderiana*, which was the largest sum that any single plant sold for.

A plant of *Cypripedium Morganianum* brought \$750, and was purchased by VEITCH & SONS, of London. *C. Stonei platytanum* was sold for \$450. Other varieties of *Cypripedium* brought various sums down to \$100.

A specimen of *Vanda Lowi* was purchased by W. S. KIMBALL, of this city, for \$400, and one of *V. Batemani* for \$100.

Several specimens of *Cattleya* were sold, bringing from \$250 to \$100. *C. exoniensis* at the former sum, and *C. labiata* at the latter, were purchased by W. S. KIMBALL. VEITCH & SONS bought a plant of *C. exoniensis* at \$130 and one of *C. Skinneri* at \$200. D. W. SMITH paid \$240 for a plant of *Cattleya exoniensis*.

The above are some of the prices for the most valuable plants, and indicate the esteem in which this class of plants is held.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Dr. ASA GRAY, the botanist, on the occasion of his 75th birthday, November 18th, had presented to him by his professional friends, an elegant and valuable silver vase filled with flowers in embossed work, representing those species which had been named by or for him.



A LITTLE SUMMER ALL SHUT IN.

I.

'Tis sweet to have, when the storms begin
To roam o'er the earth so wide,
A little summer, all shut in
From the frozen world outside ;
A little summer, all our own,
From the days when the robins go,
To the days when they come from a warmer zone,
And the Pansies peep from the snow.

II.

The rich may daily on dainties dine,
And daily on velvet tread,
But give to my home the trailing vine,
And the blooming flowers instead ;
A cheerful wife, in a sunny room,
Who sings as she flits about ;
What care I, then, with the plants in bloom,
For the wintry winds without.

III.

How sweet to come from the constant din
Of life's contending tide,
To my little summer, all shut in,
From the frozen world outside ;
To watch the bright Geraniums grow,
From the bud to the opening flower,
While the outer world lies under the snow,
And bound by the Ice King's power.

IV.

The poet sings of the better land,
"Where flowers immortal bloom,"
And so I can partly understand
The glories beyond the tomb ;
How sad and dreary this earth would be,
Through all of the weary hours,
Had God not given to you and me
The beautiful birds and flowers.

—JOHN H. YATES.

GRAPE CULTURE IN KANSAS.

In a communication to *Colman's Rural World*, J. STAYMAN, a prominent fruit grower, of Leavenworth, Kansas, makes a very exhaustive review of all the best varieties of Grapes, both the old, tried and accepted varieties and the most prominent new ones, showing the qualities they exhibit in that region of country, and how little adapted they are to general cultivation. As a sample of his statements, he says of the Concord: "This Grape is so well known that it needs but few remarks. It has rotted so badly for the last twelve years that we have had no crop, so we cut them down and grafted them. It has done, if anything, worse this season than ever before. We are done with it, except as a variety to look at." Of Worden, he says: "This has done no better, and we place it by the side of Concord." Also, of Moore's Early, "This is a few days earlier than the last, but no better in any other respect. It rots, if anything, worse."

In this manner he continues, variety by variety, through a long list, condemning all—Delaware, Duchess, Brighton, Poughkeepsie Red, Ulster Prolific, Niagara, Pocklington, Amber Queen, Wyoming Red, Lady, Jefferson, Catawba, and a great number besides, in fact, all that hold any prominent position.

In regard to Ives' Seedling, he says: "This has usually been free from rot, but this season it has been but little better than Concord. It is never fit for the table, but a fair wine Grape." Early Victor, he favors with an encouraging word, as he does, also, Martha, saying: "It has done tolerably well this season, which is saying a good deal." Hermann, White Hermann, Cynthiana, and Norton are reported as valuable for wine.

After reviewing the whole list, he remarks that "many thus appear to have no merit, so we will pass them and take up a class of Grapes that will soon supercede all those we have spoken about."

The Jewel, Ideal, and General Pope are then mentioned. "These last three are seedlings, raised by Mr. JOHN BURR, of this place, Leavenworth, and are produced from selected seeds of the Delaware, under favorable influences." The Jewel is described as "the earliest of all the Grapes I know, and, also, much the best. It is vigorous, hardy, healthy and

productive." It does not rot, and it ripens its fruit a week before the Early Victor. "The berry is black; the bunch and berry very much like Early Victor, but the quality is decidedly better."

"Ideal—This is of the same class, and is a very promising red Grape. The vine is vigorous, hardy, healthy and productive. The bunch and berry are almost as large as the Concord, and the quality is equal to the Delaware. It is medium to late in ripening.

"General Pope—This is also of the same class and origin. It is vigorous, healthy and hardy, nearly as large in bunch and berry as the Concord, and of much better quality. It is a very promising black Grape."

We hope Mr. STAYMAN is not doomed to disappointment in planting these new varieties. It is not impossible that they may be all he claims for them or expects from them, but if all the varieties of our native vines hitherto raised, some five hundred, more or less, have been found wanting, it requires a great exercise of faith to think that perfection, or something near it, is now found in these. It is not uncommon for young vines, and especially vines of new crosses, to exhibit great vigor for a few years, and to be disease resisting for a time, and then to succumb to the same evil conditions that other varieties have failed under. Perhaps it will be discovered, after a time, that the western prairies are not well adapted to fruit growing, and especially to the vine.

THE ORCHARDS OF ILLINOIS.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Horticultural Society makes known some appalling facts in regard to fruit culture in that State. In the Northern and Central parts of the State a large proportion of the Apple, Pear, Peach, and Cherry trees are dead, or in a dying condition. Of Apple trees this proportion is one-half; of Pear trees it is sixty-five per cent.; of Peach nearly ninety per cent., and of Cherry trees over fifty per cent. In the Southern part of the State the case is not so bad, though even there nearly one-half of the Peach trees are dead or dying; fifteen per cent. of the Apple trees; eighteen per cent. of the Pears, and twenty-seven per cent. of the Cherry trees are ruined. A large part of the re-

maining trees are, also, in an unsatisfactory condition.

The varieties of Apples in the Northern and Central parts of the State that have stood the severe tests of the late winters are as follows: Duchess of Oldenburg, Snow, Red Astrachan, Willow Twig, Wealthy, Whitney No. 20, Yellow Bellflower, Tetofsky, Tallman Sweeting, Westfield Seek-no-further, Sops of Wine, Salome, Minkler, Maiden's Blush, Roman Stem and Grimes' Golden; the last four being reported only for the Central, and not for the Northern part of the State. These few hardy varieties will now be in demand for future planting.

It would now be interesting to know to what extent shelter belts have been employed for orchards in Illinois, and precisely what protection they have afforded the trees.

A GARDEN OF WILD FLOWERS.

In my garden by the riverside there is a bed in which wild flowers live and grow and bloom. And this bed I call my wild garden, for all the plants that grow there are wild, true wildlings that the woods and the fields have yielded up to me, and that have been planted haphazard, and there they flourish as luxuriantly as they could in their native haunts.

When I tell you that this bed is only four feet wide and twenty feet long, I fancy you'll exclaim, "not much of a wild garden, after all." Granted; but such as it is, I derive a vast deal of pleasure from it, and would not be without it for anything. And one of these days I hope to have its borders enlarged, for it is now quite full of choice wildlings.

There is in this garden a row of the flame-lit Cardinal Flower, that glows like a flame of fire through July and August. And here grows the elegant wild Columbine, with its beautiful, beautiful leaves, and its air-floating flowers. And the Maidenhair Fern keeps pace with the wild Columbine, and other fine native Ferns grow here. And the delicate wild White Dicentra lives here, with the loveliest blue Harebell that ever was seen, and other Blue Bells live and thrive here, too, with two varieties of wild White Violets that are constant bloomers and fragrant, and a variety of Yellow Violets that are most beautiful. The Anemones are at home here, too, with the Blood Root, and

in May the garden is ablaze with scarlet Indian Pinks; Fire Pinks, we call them. And the Trailing Arbutus is here, and Golden Buttercups, and Pearly Immortelles, and wild Moss, and Mountain Moss, and two varieties of delicate wild vines grace this garden with their presence. And, yes, I had forgotten, there are Indian Turnips and wild Hyacinths, and several varieties of the wild Orchis, and two varieties of Solomon's Seal, and the wild Clematis and the Bitter Sweets have found their way here. Ah, is not this a garden for a flower loving heart to rejoice in?

And I have, also, other wild flowers growing indiscriminately through the yard and garden. Of these, I will only mention two kinds now. Two varieties of the wild white Asters grow amid the shrubbery, and on the river bank the Golden Rod grows, and in September swings and sways its graceful, gorgeous golden plumes, and here, too, the starry-eyed Asters gleam.—ADA DARING, *The Crescent, W. Va.*

TOMATOES AS FOOD.

Hall's Journal of Health has the following to say about the dietetic use of Tomatoes:

"It is known that the essence of the Tomato made into a pill acts upon the liver, and to that extent must counteract biliousness and all forms of fever.

"The free use of Figs is known to multitudes to obviate constipation in a great many cases; every intelligent druggist knows that a tablespoon of White Mustard seed, swallowed without chewing, is used in the same direction, and has been used for that purpose for a century, and for that reason is kept in every good drug store for sale. The seeds pass from the stomach unchanged, but are supposed 'to act' on the bowels delicately. The seeds of the common Tomato act in the same manner; hence the fruit, while it is palatable to the taste, and nutritious to the body, has a health-promoting effect on the liver and the whole digestive system. And yet a loose statement is made in some of the papers that

"'Tomatoes are unhealthful. For they can cause salivation. Proof: a young lady lost all her teeth from the excessive use of Tomatoes.'

"The writer was salivated many times

in youth, and yet few persons of his age have sounder teeth and more of them.

"A young girl, two years ago, in Pennsylvania, from the excessive use of 'ice cream,' the fourteenth saucerful on the same evening, did not exactly lose her teeth, but she lost her life.

"General TAYLOR, while President of the United States, lost his life by eating 'one more' saucerful of Strawberries and cream.

"Many a man has died of a surfeit of roast beef; if an article of food so delicious, so cheap, so abundant as the Tomato is to be banished from the table because once in a century, and once in a million of cases its 'excessive use killed somebody,' we shall soon have nothing to eat. The newspaper press owes it to the public and its own intelligence to keep such palpably loose statements out of its columns. This slap dash kind of a way, which some writers have, regardless of common sense, ought to be universally discountenanced by gentlemen of the press."

PREPARING CELERY FOR MARKET.

I would like to ask a question and offer a suggestion about preparing Celery for the market. Why do all market gardeners and Celery growers, when they send Celery to the market, cut off the roots? If the roots were left on, then the purchaser could have crisp and tender Celery by letting it stand in a little water an hour or so before using, and it would not get water soaked, which is often the case if deprived of the roots. And I think it would be very much of an advantage, as there would be more sold if the quality was improved.

I generally raise one hundred and fifty heads, and as our cellar is too warm to keep it, I use and give it away during October and November. I always send word to those to whom I give it, to leave the roots on and let it stand in a little water a short time before using, and they always tell me that they cannot buy such Celery, it is so very crisp and tender.

I plant the dwarf varieties, Boston Market, Sandringham Dwarf White and others.

I always raise my own plants, sow the seed in boxes in the house about the 10th of March, and as soon as the weather will permit, transplant in a shady spot in

the garden, and the 15th of July plant in rows, five or six inches apart in the rows, in a partially shaded part of the garden, in very rich soil, and begin to bank up about the first of September.—E. W. L.

FRUIT PRODUCTION.

As confirmatory of statements made in our last issue, that there are indications of a greater supply of fruits in the country than can be profitably marketed, we extract the following from a communication from the veteran horticulturist, C. M. HOVEY, lately published in the *Rural New-Yorker*:

"The blight, so called, has ceased to be a terror to the Pear cultivator. The time was when it was looked upon as the greatest obstacle to the growing of this delicious fruit, and a great loss to the cultivator. Then a good, thrifty Pear tree, fifteen or twenty years old, was pretty sure to produce, year after year, an average of three or four bushels of fruit, worth \$2.00 per bushel, or, say about \$5.00 for each tree. Now the same crop would only bring fifty or seventy-five cents per bushel, or about \$2.00 per tree—scarcely enough to pay interest on land and taxes, to say nothing about gathering, assorting, boxing, marketing and other expenses, so that whether the trees die or not is of little consequence.

"It is curious to observe that the more enemies there are to contend with, the greater the crop. Potatoes were never more plentiful or cheaper of late years than they were after the attack of the potato beetle; and so with fruit. Plums, which it has been feared would be a lost fruit from the attacks of the curculio, have been so plentiful this year, they certainly did not pay for gathering and marketing; and Pears, which, before any blight was known about Boston, were a paying crop, are now comparatively worthless. Peaches, which nearly a century ago were considered as about run out, and the most intelligent cultivator was unable to contend against the yellows, are now so cheap that they pay a very small profit. And Grapes, which the mildew and rot not long ago attacked so virulently that it was almost impossible to raise them, are now a drug in the market, the finest Concords selling for \$20.00 to \$30.00 per ton. Our only con-

clusion is that our country is so large, and the injurious causes so local, that the pests do not in the least diminish the supply."

To put the case in a few words, the fruit supply of the country, of all kinds, is now so great that it scarcely pays to raise it. If any kind of fruit should be considered an exception, we think it is the Apple. Many, probably, will not agree with us in this, but a full understanding of the whole situation, taking into account the amount and condition of all orchard planting, and the home and foreign demand, and other essential elements, will make the truth of the proposition probable.

A NOVEMBER NOSEGAY.

While walking among the flowers this morning I wondered how many shrubs and plants were actually in blossom. So, from mere curiosity, I began to take account of stock.

Orange and Lemon trees head the list. Many of the former have been white with blossoms during the summer and fall, though February is the usual time of blossoming. The Loquat is crowded with fragrant panicles, prophetic of an abundance of delicious fruit in early spring. The Strawberry Guavas are bending with wine-red balls, and the snowy blossoms promise a supply through the winter, if no untoward frost chills the tender shoots. The Melon Shrub displays its odd flowers near the drooping bells of the Abutilon, and twenty-five varieties of Geraniums, of all shades and habits, greet my eyes. We have over one hundred varieties of Roses—mostly of the Ever-blooming and Hybrid Perpetual class—forty of which are now in bloom, among them the old yellow Harrison Rose. The Periwinkle trails over the rockery, and Verbenas cluster at its foot. There are still a few blooms on the new shoots of the Lemon Verbena; a feathery-leaved Acacia flaunts hundreds of gay yellow racemes; while the beautiful Carob Tree—ever associated with memories of the Prodigal Son!—is covered with insignificant greenish-brown flowers. Long borders of Oxalis, including seven varieties, lift their sweet faces to the sun, and, edging the winding walk, the showy Gazania displays its golden stars. I am sorry to discover that the variegated Thyme is in blossom, and unless it is

trimmed immediately its beauty will be a thing of the past. Tuberoses, Heliotrope, Yellow Jasmine, and Honeysuckles fill the air with Perfume. Sweet Alyssum, Centaurea, Dew Plant, Nasturtiums, and Penstemons form a hopeless tangle. The Morning Glory and Evening Primrose bloom together in the sun. Tecoma Jasminoides or Scarlet Bignonia, Passiflora edulis, and Solanum Jasminoides riot on the veranda pillars and roof. Plumbago Capensis, a mass of light-blue clusters, has reached the eaves of the house. The Fuchsias are resting preparatory to their winter's work, but I can still find ear-drops for a goodly number of ladies. The Dahlias and Asters linger with us. The Yellow Day Lilies' glory and the Salvias' vivid splendor are grouped near the gentle Marguerites. The Begonias are full of waxen blossoms, the Callas circle about the fountain, the Pinks and Carnations exhale their spicy odors, and the delicately fluted flowers of Cosmos bipinnatus wave in the breeze. Narcissus commenced blooming Oct. 15, and will continue during the winter and part of the spring. The Laurestinus is now in flower, also the Maurandya. The new shoots of the glossy-leaved Mahonia are tipped with pendulous yellow racemes, Coreopsis, Cannas, Petunias, Chrysanthemums, Double Feverfew, and Jerusalem Cherry Tree form a wilderness at the rear of the house. The Tritoma, or Red Hot Poker, glows in the distance, and the Torenia opens its pretty flowers in a warm nook sheltered from the wind. A few blossoms still linger on the Japan Globe Flower and Crape Myrtle, and there are fine specimens of the Atamasco Lily. The English Violets are opening, and that oddity, the Coccoloba, or Seaside Grape, is full of tiny white flowers and red berries. In some respects this is a peculiar season, for the Lilac and Spiræa (Bridal Wreath) are in bloom, the Paulownia imperialis—whose flower-buds ordinarily form in autumn and open the next spring before the leaves start—now shows many lavender flowers gleaming among its great leaves, and I found a Cherry tree fairly bursting into blossom.

Our grounds contain many other varieties of plants and shrubs, but those I have mentioned are now (Nov. 10th) in bloom.—ALICE P. ADAMS, *Alhambra, Los Angeles Co., Cal.*



TRIENTALIS AMERICANA, OR CHICKWEED WINTERGREEN.

CHICKWEED WINTERGREEN.

In "Stella Ray's Journal," in the March number of your MAGAZINE, are the following words: "I could find no seven-petaled flower in my collection to represent the heptagon. They are certainly not common, possibly rare." I, also think they must be rare, since I have never noticed but one species of flowers with seven petals, and even these were not common.

Thinking it might be of interest, I send a specimen of this flower; I do not know the name of it, but the seven petals, seven sepals, and seven stamens distinguish it from all others I have ever seen. The plants bloom in June in partially shaded situations, and are wild in this locality, south western Maine.

I consider this as among the most beautiful of our wild flowers, the dainty white blossoms being so fragile that, seemingly, a breath would destroy them.

—H. A. N., *Fairfield Centre, Maine.*

The illustration above is natural size.—ED.

CYCLAMEN PERSICUM.

The Colored Plate this month represents some fine examples of this very beautiful flower, and we think all will agree that the plate is a credit to the artists. We can do nothing better at this time than to refer our readers to the valuable article on the cultivation of this plant, written by our esteemed correspondent, CHARLES E. PARNELL, and published in the October number, page 302. As a winter blooming plant the Cyclamen is justly admired.

BINDING THE MAGAZINE.

We can bind the yearly volume of the MAGAZINE in a handsome cover and return the book, postage or expressage paid by us, for 50 cents. Those sending their numbers for binding will please mark their names on the packages when sent, that we may know to whom they belong. Those who may wish their own bookbinders to do the work can be supplied with covers for 25 cents each.

WINDOW GARDENS.

We cannot all indulge in the Orchid craze and buy them for two thousand dollars apiece, as a rich lady in New York did—her whole collection of these rare and beautiful plants costing two hundred thousand dollars—but we can get as much pleasure with less money over a few plants in the window, and if one has a sunny bay, fitted with shelves, brackets and hooks, she need not sigh for two thousand dollar Orchids. My window has flowers through all the long winter. I catch many a smile from the passers by, prompted by the gay blossoms, and a poor over-worked servant girl in the neighborhood told me it rested her to glance up at the flowers when she is sent out to sweep the walk. For plants in the house to be healthy, and flourish, the air must be pure. If your gas pipe leaks your plants fade, or, if the air is not constantly kept fresh. So, if your plants flourish, the air must be good for your lungs. For vines, I like the German and English Ivy and the Cobæa. The last has such a pleasing way of climbing up the string, and it grows so fast it will run all around the top of the room. My Smilax is doing well also. Geraniums are an old stand-by, and you can make them bloom all winter by slipping them in the spring and picking off all the buds as they appear, until you are ready to pot them. I have two or three dark red foliage plants that do well on the upper shelf, and when the sun shines through the leaves the color is very rich and beautiful. Begonias are nice house plants. They bloom and bloom, as if it was a perfect delight to them to put forth their small starry blossoms. The leaves of a Begonia are so pretty, we should prize them if they did not bloom. My Ice plant has been my daily delight, with its small starry blossoms. When I took it up in the fall I had no empty basket fit for it, so filled a discarded milk pan with earth and put it in; it soon drooped over the sides, and now looks like a green cricket. Baby says he wants to sit down on it. If I could have but one plant in my windows I should choose the Oxalis. I have the pink and the white. The small blossoms look so cheerful! They are the very little children of plant life. If one gets short of flower pots take a look up in the garret or in the shed. It is

astonishing how many things one can find to put plants in, and in these strange receptacles they grow all the better. In one window I have an old egg basket. In it I have a German Ivy, and this twines around the basket and the handle, and falls over in long streamers, in the most graceful way. In another window is a strawberry basket holding an Oxalis; and in still another hangs one of the children's old straw hats; it hangs by tin strings to a hook, and is planted with Tradescantia. The long streamers hang down like green ribbons. I put a piece of moss in the bottom of the basket or hat, and fill half full of earth. If carefully watered it will not drip, and the heat and air get in so easily around the roots that the plants flourish in these wicker baskets. One of the hardest things in the care of plants for an amateur is to learn how to water them. It would be easy enough if one could pour into every pot a certain quantity each morning; one of my neighbor's follows that plan. She says she keeps her saucers full all the time, and is always fussing over her plants, but they never bloom in the winter. Of course they won't; you might as well try to keep a child healthy by making it drink milk all day long. I go over my plants every morning and scratch the earth with my finger. If wet, it feels pasty; if dry, it feels like dust. Another thing that plants love is a moist air; you need not have expensive pipes put in to produce this, but let the family tea-kettle, when not in use in the kitchen, boil on the sitting-room stove for several hours in the morning. It gives an air moist and delightful both to the plants and the lungs that breathe it.—SISTER GRACIOUS.

HABITS OF PEAR TREES.

Of all things, keep the professional trimmer out of your Pear orchard. Pear trees despise him, and a tree lover hates him. He will cut your trees after preconceived patterns, whereas no trees are more individualized than the Pear. The Buffum is as erect as a Lombardy Poplar, while the Nelis sprawls like a lawyer when not on his legs. The Clairgeau is stiff as a parson when discussing INGER-SOLL, and the Anjou is as shapely and graceful as the Seckel is round and symmetrical.—REV. E. P. POWELL, in *Rural New-Yorker*.

OBJECT OF FORESTRY.

The Forestry Bureau thus plainly defines the aim of forestry supervision and direction by Government:

The object of forestry is not, as many perhaps suppose, the mere preservation of timber-trees, whether from the ravages of fire or the axe. It is not to withhold them from being converted into lumber for the many uses of civilized life, or from supplying the equally pressing demands for fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes. On the contrary, an intelligent system of forestry, while it seeks to protect the forests from needless consumption or harm, undertakes so to cultivate and manage them as to secure the largest possible supply of lumber, fuel, and other products, while at the same time preserving the forest capital as a whole in its integrity and undiminished in value. It undertakes to secure these direct material advantages in the greatest degree, while securing at the same time climatic and other results of the utmost importance. There has been a great misunderstanding on this subject. Many have been led to suppose that those putting forward the claims of forestry were advocating a policy which would infringe the rights of property by limiting or restricting the freedom of the individual as to the cutting and disposal of his forests. When the preservation of the great Adirondack forests has been advocated, the impression has been made upon many persons that a great source of valuable lumber was to be withheld from the public, the trees to be left to grow and at last decay, without having contributed anything to the public wealth or welfare. In consequence of this, it has been easy for those who are profiting by the plunder of the forests to create an unintelligent opposition which has hitherto prevented any effective measures being taken for the proper and conservative management of the Adirondack region. Such management would not withdraw that region and its forests from the public or lessen the value of its products, but it would increase them. It would preserve that region for the public. It would in due time increase its lumber products to an amount far beyond its present yield. It would protect it from devastating fires. It would preserve it as a great sanitarium or health

resort, making it more accessible than now by means of improved roads, while still preserving all the charms of its natural wildness. At the same time it would exert an important climatic influence upon the country, and have a most valuable effect in preserving and rendering equable the flow of that great channel of commerce, the Hudson River. Figures cannot represent the beneficial results which might thus be benefited.

This is but a single illustration of the proper character and work of scientific forestry. What it would do in the case of the Adirondacks, it would do substantially in other cases. Everywhere it would be conservative, in the best sense, both of the pecuniary and other interests of the people. Its results would be good and only good in every sense.

SUGAR PRODUCTION.

The immense amount and the great value of the sugar that is used makes this subject always one of importance and of special interest to the producing class. The following statements by the Government Chemist, in the last Report of the Commission of Agriculture, exhibit clearly some important features in the manufacture of this product:

Of the sugar industries of the country, as a whole, it may be said that they are far from being on a successful financial basis. Of the two canes, tropical and sorghum, it may be said that the processes of manufacture are imperfect and wasteful. A large part of the sugar is left in the bagasse, and another large part passes into the molasses.

Of the two northern sources of sugar, the Beet has the advantage in localities suited to its growth, since the methods of manufacture are so thoroughly complete and the conditions of their successful working so well understood. With this source of sugar, therefore, the problem narrows itself to the growth of a good Beet.

With sorghum the future success seems to depend on the following conditions:

1. A careful selection and improvement of the seed with a view of increasing the proportion of sucrose.
2. A definition of geographical limits of successful culture and manufacture.
3. A better method of purifying the juices.

4. A more complete separation of the sugar from the canes.

5. A more complete separation of the sugar from the molasses.

6. A systematic utilization of by-products.

7. A careful nutrition and improvement of the soil.

With the present extremely low prices of sugars, all these conditions must be most carefully guarded before a profit can ensue, and it will be the object of this division not only to investigate the subject on their own part, but to keep informed as to the results of others.

The remaining source of sugar, the Maple, is necessarily limited in the amount which it can furnish. Of the products but little has hitherto been known, and having been requested by Prof. H. C. Bolton to furnish him with copies of analyses of maple sugars and syrups, it was surprising to find how small an amount of attention had been given to the matter. In order to arrive at a more definite idea of the consumption of these products, a large number of samples were purchased in open market and others secured directly from reliable manufacturers.

The results of the analyses show to be true what has long been suspected, namely, that the commercial articles are largely adulterated. The commercial syrups are quite uniformly mixed with starch-sugar, or glucose. No method of analysis, however, will detect a kind of adulteration, which is probably common, that of the addition of cane or beet sugar to the maple. All of these sugars are identical chemically.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

In closing the present volume we have no thought of saying good-bye to our readers, but, on the contrary, expect to have all their names on our new list, together with those of many of their friends. On our part, we expect to make the *MAGAZINE* increasingly valuable and interesting, and worthy of the attention of

all interested in horticultural matters and pursuits. Those of our readers who have assisted us the past year by their contributions to our pages, will have, like the odor of sweet flowers, the consciousness of our gratitude and that of our readers. All the best of our old correspondents we expect to have with us the coming year, as well as many new ones. The "Young People" department will continue to be enriched by the contributions of Mrs. MARIA B. BUTLER, who, over her own name, and that of "Aunt MARJORIE," and "PROXY," has long since won the hearts of our youthful readers. And, now, we wish all of our friends to lend us their assistance and personal influence in making up our subscription list for 1886. A good word, here and there among neighbors, will go far toward increasing our circulation, and benefiting the community by appropriate horticultural literature.

OUR READERS' NOTES.

We desire our readers to supply us with all the interesting gardening facts that may come to their knowledge, and all observations that they may make that may please and instruct others, and that may properly appear in this publication. If these observations are not always new, they may prove profitable to some who have not yet learned them. A new class of readers is always pressing forward from the ranks of the young people, and "precept upon precept, line upon line," are needed. Let each one contribute his mite, month by month, during the coming year, for the benefit of all. No one should be disappointed by occasional delay, for it sometimes happens that we are obliged to lay over valuable matter for a month or more for lack of space. Good matter will always keep well.

A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Remember the *MAGAZINE* when making presents to friends. Some of them would prize it highly, and enjoy the gift constantly.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE SEASONS.

A PARLOR RECITATION IN COSTUME.

TABLEAU.—Father TIME, and the four Sister Seasons—SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN and WINTER.

INTRODUCTION BY FATHER TIME.

I've heard it said, when to the past
A longing look is backward cast,
That, through the far off, misty air,
Memory sees only pictures fair,
Consoling hearts with joys so tender
They tears forget and smiles remember.
So, if the sorrows of the past are all forgotten, and
joys alone remembered, need I fear
To tell you that, to-night, I've brought you back a
year,
Composed of lovely seasons, four;
This is the gift I have in store.

SPRING.

Do you not think, dear Father TIME,
Of all the year, the sweet Spring-time
Is fairest; that the heart-strings beat
With fuller strains of music sweet?
It is like a thought of heaven,
That I this work of love am given.

I melt the snow in valleys deep,
Its soft tears give the moss its green;
I kiss the dear earth in her sleep,
And seek to wake her from her dream.

I call south winds, with flutt'ring wing,
To make the ripples on the stream,
And o'er the meadows shadows fling,
With glints of flying gold between.

I haunt the spots where Violets hide,
And stir the brown leaves on their bed,
To let warm rays of sunshine glide,
And lift the Snowdrop's drooping head.

I whisper to the naked trees,
And tell them winter's reign is o'er;
Their answer is ten thousand leaves,
The dress so often worn before.

I paint bright skies of blue above,
And who, like I, the heart can thrill,
And bring back youth, and truth, and love,
With Lilac scent and Daffodil?

FATHER TIME.

I know, dear SPRING, no other time,
Has such a subtle charm as thine;
When o'er the earth thou throw'st a screen
Of tiny blades of upright green.
Young hearts glow and haste to meet,
With dancing steps, thy coming feet;
And pulses, stayed by sorrow's chill,
Thou hast, indeed, a power to thrill.
No other flowers can ever bring
The joy of thy first flowers, oh, SPRING.

SUMMER.

Count not the time of SPRING the dearest,
Oh, Father TIME, until thou hearest

How I, with love, and joy, and singing,
Prolong the work of SPRING's beginning.

I breathe upon her opening leaves,
And smoothen them out with satin shine,
And deepen their pale tints of green,
And trace a wider, firmer outline.

I send soft airs to woo her buds,
And make them into beauteous flowers
With honeyed hearts, where bird and bee
Do revel in the summer hours.

I make the silken tassels 'neath
The covering, which the Corn enfold;
I watch the fields of waving green,
And some I turn to fields of gold.

My royal crown, my regal Rose,
Its heavenly perfume fills the air,
With an unsparing hand I give,
And fling my treasures everywhere.

I have a balm for tired hearts;
Of all I have, I give the best;
I live with sunshine, shade and shower,
In SUMMER's heart of love to rest.

FATHER TIME.

Dear SUMMER, it is also true,
That thou hast many beauties, too;
That thou, for opening bud and leaf,
An added charm of beauty keep;
Thou hast the power to soothe the pain
Of many an o'er wrought, tired brain,
Who from the city's langour flies,
To summer fields, 'neath summer skies;
The magic of thy wand of gold
Is like a miracle of old.

AUTUMN.

I pray thee keep, dear Father TIME,
Some word of love for work of mine;
My flowers, I know, can never bring
The ecstasy of flowers of SPRING.
But their pale beauty long is dead,
The SUMMER Roses all have fled;
Mine will remind you of the past,
Oh, take of me, I give the last.

I haste, with joyful steps, to bring
My treasures from the yielding earth;
I pour my gifts with lavish hand,
With sound of grateful harvest mirth.

I bring the Corn, the fruit, the vine
With purple Grapes, the crimson pod
Of Bittersweet, the Rowan bright,
And "wayside flowers" of Golden Rod.

I to the forests haste, ere yet,
By WINTER's hand, of beauty shorn,
Them, like to royal kings of old,
In gorgeous raiment I adorn.

And then, I lull the resting earth
With magic days of hazy gold,

And stir the heart's imaginings
With song of robin, as of old.

FATHER TIME.

Not words, but love, itself, I give thee,
For all the gifts thy bounty brings me.
I thank thee for thy sad, sweet task,
To hide, as with a brilliant mask,
The fading flower, the leaf now sere,
The emblems of the dying year,
Before thou yield'st to WINTER's reign;
To coax the SUMMER back again,
And stir with thought, "beyond all telling,"
The heart, with song of robin swelling.

WINTER.

Tell me that it's not in vain,
To seek a thought of thine to gain;
Oh, believe my heart's not cold,
Though icy garments me enfold;
In this work of love I share
My burden of the year I bear.

The wearied earth now turns to me,
When AUTUMN's brilliancy has fled;
I call the swift winds to my aid,
With withered leaves to strew her bed.

The north winds bring me soft, white flakes,
To make a covering warm and deep;
No shelter e'er so pure as this,
Beneath which earth and flowers sleep.

The giant limbs of forest kings
In royal ermine robes I screen;
Hang diamond pendants on the Pines,
My children, in their evergreen.

I check Ontario's waves of blue,
And still awhile their dancing grace
With shining barriers, that are like
A mystic veil drawn o'er her face.

Here, now, with swift mysterious glide,
The skaters come with daring skill,
With glowing cheeks and flying feet,
Defy my breath their hearts to chill.

I hold a day of heavenly name,
What honor could I ask beside?
Glad tidings to the world I bring,
In every holy Christmas-tide.

FATHER TIME.

Thy heart's not cold; yes, I believe thee,
Though with icy breath thou freeze me.
The work of love thy robes conceal,
The SPRING's awakening will reveal.
No wealth of AUTUMN could we own,
No SUMMER path with Roses strewn,
Nor have the SPRING's immortal green,
If WINTER did not lie between.
The light of moon, the gold of star,
The thought of "wise men from afar,"
The everlasting hills outline
The sighing voices of the Pine,
The silent fields of stainless birth,
Unbroken yet by touch of earth,
These, scenes of WINTER night's revealing,
Touch the heart with wondrous feeling.

FATHER TIME, *to all the Seasons.*

I love you all, and with impartial eyes,
In all both worth and beauty recognize;
All, with willing hearts, the Master's work have done;
From all, not one, the perfect year has come.

FATHER TIME, *to the Audience.*

The Seasons thus to mortals teach—
The task that is assigned to each
Must faithfully be done, for in that lies
The sweetest joy beneath the skies.

—A. L. THOMSON.

ON THE SEA SHORE AT BERMUDA.

As we scrambled down upon the rocky shore, how the huge breakers foam and fret! They toss their proud heads, and dash themselves against the frowning cliffs with the noise of booming thunder. We can scarcely hear our own voices, and will run from the spray and the tumult to a quieter spot further on. Here we find some oddly shaped shells, and that strange creature called the Portuguese men-of-war. It looks like a pale bluish pearl, shining in the sun; but it is merely an elliptical bladder, and floats about, balanced by long, blue, hanging tentacles. Capture it with cane or parasol, if you can; but beware of touching it, for it exudes a subtle liquid that will sting you like a Nettle.

"Hallo!" cried Nemo, exultingly, "I've caught them—two of them! Come, and see how pretty they are—like fairy boats."

I was sitting under the lee of a high wall, sharing, with serene indifference, the

wind's sharp tussle with my veil and bonnet strings. But I managed to scramble down the rocks again.

"Boat?" said I. "It is for all the world like a shoe—a little glass shoe. It is Cinderella's own slipper! But what are you going to do with them?"

"Take them home, and see if there is any way to preserve the things. See the lovely iridescent blue tint, like a bit of the sky!"

"And see how deftly they are laced like other shoes," I said. "Put them in your handkerchief, and come on, Nemo. They'll collapse in a minute."

But they did not. One of them dried perfectly, retaining its shape and much of its exquisite coloring.

The above description of one feature of an outing on a winter's day is from JULIA C. DORR'S "*Bermuda*." Three day's voyage from New York to this summer land.

Christmas-Tide.



Hark! the Christmas chimes are ringing,
Ringing forth the joyous strain,
Once more comes the glad time bringing
Peace, good-will to men again.



Each one can bestow some pleasure,
Gentle words who may not say?
Kindly greetings are a treasure
All can give on Christmas-Day.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Dear! dear! I forgot to send Grandmother her cough mixture by Johnnie, when he went to school, this morning; she ought to have it, for she has so often been broken of her rest lately by that hacking cough of hers. What time is it, Dora?"

"Four o'clock, mother," answered the young girl, who sat by the blazing hearth fire in the cheery farm-house sitting-room, looking over her old school books, with which she was not done, for all she had just graduated from the village school.

"Four o'clock! Johnnie won't get home till five, and that will be too late to send. Poor Grandma! I'm afraid she'll have to do without it till to-morrow. Don't fail to remind me of it in the morning, child."

"But, mother, why can't I take it to-night?" Dora asked, rising from among the books, like a very bright faced Minerva.

"It's too far, dear," replied her mother, glancing out of the window at the dusky, snow-bound woods, gray sky, and faint veil of snow that fluttered across the distant hill tops. "Besides, I fear it will snow hard before long."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," cried Dora, blithely. "I love to walk, and there's nothing more pleasant than a great feathery snow storm that fills the air with fairies from Elfland. I'll get ready right away, if you'll have the medicine ready."

"But, Dora, dear,—"

"Now, mamma, don't object. Just think of my dear Grandma awake all the long night through for the want of a little medicine."

"Well, if you're sure you'll not be afraid, dear, I will be only too glad to let you go."

"Afraid!" laughed Dora, stamping her rubbers on tight. "Of what could I be afraid, mother? All the way to Grandma's there is nothing but the beautiful, harmless snow."

"Very well," smiled Mrs. Wilson, "but be sure to get back by supper time, for father will have returned from town, hungry and tired."

"Perhaps I will meet him," joined in Dora. "Any way, I'll take Rollo with me; come, old fellow!"

The big New Foundland dog lying on the rug, before the fire, watching her with

eager eyes, sprang up at her call, and together they started out into the softly flying snow.

On and on, out into the road went the two, with swift feet, for the snow veil trailed lower its thick, white folds, and the winds raced madly down from the hills and across the winter fields, sounding their shrill "horns of Elfland," the echoes dying far away among the tops of the forest trees.

On, still further, when there rose into view from downy drifts, a long, low farm house, which for many a generation the eager feet of childhood and the tottering feet of age had passed in and out until the threshold was quite worn away.

The young girl passed through the gate, when a tap sounded on the window, and Dora looked up, smiling and nodding, at the gentle face nodding and smiling to her behind the panes.

"Bless thy heart, darling! Come right in out of the cold; and old Rol, too! How did thee get here through the snow, little Red Riding Hood?" And Grandmother Grey drew the bright, girlish face to her own and pressed a kiss on her lips. "Aren't thy feet wet, Dorothy, dear?" Only Grandmother called her "Dorothy." "Thee had best take off thy overshoes, that they may dry. How is thy dear mother, child?"

Dora shook her head as she sank down on the footstool at Grandmother's feet, and took the shining knitting needles from the slender white fingers.

"You mustn't knit any longer, Grandma, it is entirely too dark, for all the delightful fire on the hearth. Mother is quite well, but has been so worried about you. How is your cough, now, Grandmother, dear? Better? I am so glad! Here is some medicine father brought for you, from the doctor, and mother says you must try it, so as to be ever so much better to-morrow, when we come to spend Christmas with you. No," laughing, "it isn't a Christmas present, though this is Christmas Eve. Just think. Does it seem possible, and it is my birthday, too. Sweet eighteen, Grandma, sweet eighteen, and Tom," a soft blush creeping into her cheeks, "Tom says he hopes I will have the same happy heart when I am eighty as I have now."

Grandmother softly smoothed the bonnie hair of her darling, as she answered, smiling,

"Dorothy, dear, thee has but just touched the threshold of life now, and thee looks away out at the beautiful world with glad young eyes, and when thee is eighty, if thee lives so long, thee will look back at life through narrow windows, but with a broader knowledge of what lies there. Thy heart is pure, dearie, and sweet as my Christmas Rose. May the dear Lord keep it so!"

Dora looked up at the peaceful old face with tearful eyes.

"Grandmother, dear, may I see your Rose? Has it bloomed this year? What a wonderful Rose it is!"

"So it is, dearie, so it is, and I had the bush first when thy mother was born. Many young plants I have raised from it. Not one year has it failed to bloom for Christmas, and it is so white and fragrant I call it my Christmas Rose—a symbol of the wonderful Christ-child! Thee shall carry a blossom home on thy bosom, Dorothy, and give it to thy friend, as a token of thy heart's purity."

But Dora cried out and caught her Grandmother's hands as she was about cutting off one of the most exquisite of the blossoms that hung like balls of snow amid the dark green leaves.

They were standing at the window with only the red firelight chasing away the dusk, and a wonderful picture it was, the girl and woman and the beautiful, blossomed Rose.

"Don't break it, Grandma, don't, it is so perfect on the bush with the others."

Grandmother smiled, but carefully clipped off the bloom she had selected, and tenderly placing it in Dora's dress, she said:

"Good night, dearie; I am sorry thee cannot stay, but if thee promised thy mother to return, I will not keep thee. To-morrow we will meet for Christmas cheer, Providence permitting. God's ways are wise and tender, but past finding out."

"Good night, Grandmother, and Merry Christmas, beforehand; come, Rol!"

"Thee must take good care of thyself, child," Grandmother said, laying her hands on the brown, girlish head. "It was very sweet of thee to come so far for thy Grandmother, Dorothy."

Once more out into the cold and snow, and rapidly gathering darkness, went Dora and her dog. How thickly fell the big, feathery flakes. Fast and faster, thicker and thicker they swept down from the Elf-king's palace, down and down. Was there no end of them?

Down the road they went, past weird-looking forms and ghostly drifts in the gathering gloom.

"We will cross the river on the ice," Dora said, aloud, "because it is the nearest way home, and if we should go through the woods, we would not get home till after dark."

Down a narrow lane they turned and went on through the snow, silent, breathless. The blinding snow swept down, around and over Dora and her dog, as they started out on the river, hiding all things in a great white veil.

"It is so pretty!" Dora said.

Rolla buried his nose and howled. Slowly they went along the ice, more by instinct than sight, for that terrible white shrouded everything. On, on, on! what an endless way it seemed. What a ghostly pallor lay over the world! Surely they should have reached the opposite bank before that. Dora stood still and tried to see the way, but it was impossible. Nothing but white flakes every where. A cold fear struck her heart. People had been lost on that river—people far wiser than she. Suppose—

"Rollo," she said, quite steadily, "we will go back; home does not lie down there."

The dog leaped forward, barking eagerly, and then, again silent, they turned about. Dora began to grow dizzy and tired and sleepy and cold—oh, so cold! She grew hopeless, also; but still they struggled on, and on, and on. Then a new horror seized her.

"Rollo!" she cried out, wildly, stretching her hands toward the great black dog, as though for help, "Rollo, I believe we have been going round and round over the same ground all this time!"

Rollo did not howl. He ran ahead, stopped and barked. As she did not follow him he ran back to look up in her face, and then started off again, still barking.

A sickening horror crept over Dora, and blind and dizzy, hardly knowing what she did, she sank down on the ice, covering her face with her trembling

hands. By-and-bye a delicious langour stole over her. The cold and snow were gone. A beautiful vision rose up before her. She was far out at sea in a tiny boat, with neither oars nor rudder, drifting slowly over the calm waters, the heavens vast and unfathomable above her, the soft breeze stealing to her across the waves laden with rare fragrance. She was delightfully contented. She did not even think nor question how she came to be there. She just drifted, drifted, drifted with the sound of far-off music and the perfume all about her.

Then the scene changed; the waves grew higher and rough, the winds blew strong, the current was irresistible. The frail boat she was in suddenly fell to pieces. But as the thin planks divided, and she herself going down, down, down into the very midst of the sea, an inarticulate cry on her lips, the great ocean changed to God's right hand that held her with tender care above the cold waves; and then—

"Dora! Dora! wake up! wake up!"

Slowly, with a vague sense of pain, Dora opened her eyes and saw Johnnie and Rollo and her father, with several faces she did not know, bending above her.

"O, look, father, look! she's opened her eyes at last," cried Johnnie, in his full, clear voice, while a deeper, richer voice murmured in her ear, as strong arms lifted her from the ice,

"Thank God, my daughter, that you are still spared to us!"

"Rollo came home making a jolly fuss," Johnnie went on, excitedly, hurrying on beside them, "and wouldn't be comforted until we started out with him, and he brought us right here. Were you awfully cold, Dora."

"No," she answered, softly, her heart quite too full for words.

Gently they bore her through the snow and the soft gray darkness, while she lay quite still in her father's arms, watching vaguely the lanterns flashing in the hands of the men, like magic Will-o'-the-Wisps, her thoughts full of that strange, sweet dream wherein God's mighty hand held her safe from the tumultuous waves.

She lay so still that at last her father stooped, and asked,

"Are you very weary, Dora?"

"No, father, dear," she answered, laying her hand against his cheek.

How cheerily the lights from the home windows flashed out into the darkness. What tender motherly hands cared for her. Never before had such lingering, loving kisses been given her. Never, since she could remember, had her father prayed as he prayed that Christmas eve.

"Thee was a dear lass, Dorothy," Grandmother said, when they met in the cheery old house, next day, "and God never forgets to care for His lambs. Trust in Him all thy life, child, for He is greatly to be loved."

"Have you forgotten your blessing, Grandma, and your Rose?" whispered Dora. "The scent of the flower was with me through it all—a whisper of Christmas-tide and the Christ-child."

"Thee shall have my Rose bush, Dorothy; watch it carefully, dearie, for it is thy mother's flower, and first bloomed on the day of her birth."

And Dora could not speak, but caught two dear hands in hers, and laid her soft warm cheek against them, while the fragrance of the Roses filled the quaint, old-fashioned room that white Christmas morning.—J. K. LUDLUM, *New York City*.

STELLA RAY'S JOURNAL.

November 1st. I do not mean by that last sentence about brother Will that he is heartless; he is not that, but he seems to feel himself entirely irresponsible in the matter of Cyrus Roland's death, because the boy had not consulted him about the boating. But Will had not been looking after him as he ought to have done, for his mother's sake, if for no other reason. Even I feel responsible for not having charged him in my letters to have an elder brother's care over the boy.

If I had, it might have all been different. Who knows?

Will was not so much as coming home with Mr. Sheldon, who started there the same night after having spent an hour with Mrs. Roland and Mary. The telegram to that effect was answered in peremptory phrasing by papa, which Will understood. It is almost a subject for study to note how restless and uncomfortable he is when the jolly side of his nature is repressed. I can see how easily

all this can grow into supreme selfishness. When he first came home his talk was like this: "O, yes; it is very sad, very sad, indeed, in fact it is a terrible thing, but it can't be helped now, and every body ought to make the best of it."

Mamma made him go with her immediately and call at the house of mourning, and he told me aside that he'd rather be shot. I said to him, "Will Ray, what is the matter with you? You don't feel this trouble more than the rest of us, since you disclaim all responsibility; are you a coward?" He looked troubled, but made no answer. To-morrow he will leave for college again, and how glad he will be this time to get away.

Mrs. Roland has borne up bravely since the first shock was over. She says, since Providence has permitted the trial, she must bear it submissively. Mary is not so reasonable. And now this subject cannot be mentioned here again, there are so many interests in my daily life to be recorded.

November 4th. The blessed children are going wild these days about the Duck-meat, Lemna, which I brought home from Lake Occident. I parceled it off into bowls of water, and it is multiplying rapidly in its own peculiar way. It seems wonderful that each new growth should issue entire from the scale-like mother plant.

The Pitcher Plant, which I so highly prized, died in early summer, probably because it was robbed of its natural winter rest. But my Rosemary has been steadfast and true to me, confirming the quality it represents—"fidelity."

November 7th. The Havens have been out nowhere since the news of their inheritance reached them, but they seem to expect me there frequently to sympathize with them in their dejection at the prospect of added care that the fortune is to bring them. When I inquired how soon they would start to take possession of their property, Miss Haven looked horrified. After a moment's hesitation, she said, in a sepulchral tone:

"Miss Stella, we've crossed that hoccean once and we'll never cross it no more. W'y, bless you! Richard an' me didn't lay eyes on each hother but twice comin' hover; *hus*, that never 'ad missed a good relishin' meal afore in our lives." Here Mr. Haven hurriedly forestalled further

particulars by saying: "It's too late in the season to go now, anyway."

When I ventured to ask if Mr. John Doe, their lawyer, wouldn't like the trip, the two exchanged significant glances, but only intimated that they supposed he would if he were asked. So I concluded there was some mystery at that point upon which I was not to be enlightened.

November 12th. Mr. Stone, Carrie's father, has been here, and he and papa seemed to have a deal of earnest talking to do, of which I did not get the key. At meal time he addressed most of his conversation to me, seemingly determined to make me talk. He seemed equally bent on making Sambo talk, whom he drew out on every occasion after the first evening of his arrival, when that irrepressible had rushed to the parlor door, exclaiming:

"Doctah, thah's a man be'n toted in ouah office all doubled up *tremenjous*! I'se mos' sahtan suah he's got a spine in his back; reckon we'd bettah zamine 'im 'mejiately." To the fellow's great disgust, Mr. Stone took his place in driving, and to my disgust papa took his friend to spend one evening with the Havens, a diversion which Mr. Stone certainly could not appreciate. How the physician and the lawyer find so much in common between them would be hard to understand, only that they were warm friends when young men.

November 16th. A hurried letter from Will, to-day, states that he has something serious and sad to tell me about Helen Holmes when next he writes, adding, "I'm sure, now, that she doesn't despise me, after all." How I do wish he would make his education his chief interest just now, and try to decide upon some useful vocation for the future. Papa has been unable to get him to commit himself in favor of any one calling, and has requested Auntie Starr to write him on the subject; she, who has never been able to see a fault in the jolly, handsome boy.

November 19th. I cannot keep the Havens out of my journal, I so enjoy the "situation," it's as good as a story book. I recalled, to-day, that Miss Haven once told me that I reminded her of the daughters of the English nobility, because, in speaking of my mother, I said *mamma*, instead of "*mama*," or "*ma*." I explained to her that our dictionaries give us that pronunciation and no other. She

seemed disappointed that I had no loftier reason for my accentuation.

To-day, she was going on as usual, saying: "Yes, he's right, is Richard, if Lord 'Enry 'Aven wanted hus to share 'is wealth, it's our duty to take it; but I don't see 'ow such luck 'appened to hus, w'en we 'ad 'hall we wanted before, an' was *so* 'appy an' contented." Then, lowering her voice, she said, with suppressed emphasis: "But I'm never goin' to leave this little 'ome, nor buy any of them high-falutin pot plants that make you think of jungles an' tigers; but Richard says that on the Pacific Islands," here Richard gave me the wink, "where Nutmegs an' Cloves an' Cinnamon grows, that every weed, halmost, is sweet-scented an' spicy, an' that the natives can use most any of 'em in their cannibal soup, whatever that is, an' I'd like to send for some o' *them*." At this, I laughed outright, I really couldn't help it, and Mr. Haven went off into a shout of merriment, while his poor sister looked so abused that he shortly assured her that he had been only joking:

"W'y, Nancy, I was just tryin' to keep up your sperrits, an' no other talk seemed to chirk you up any, an' so I went on, an' said more'n I need to. But, of course, there's lots of haromatic plants that we've never seen, an' you shall 'ave some, sure; w'at's to 'inder? But, Nancy, you mustn't go into sweet-scented things too 'eavy; the good Lord didn't make you all *nose*. You've eyes for flowers an' pictures, an' ears for music an' song birds an' for laughter of young girls an' for jokes, too, from an old fellow, like me; an' I know you don't begrudge me the first good laugh I've 'ad for weeks."

"No, I don't," said the kind hearted soul, "I like to 'ave you laugh, even if it's about myself."

November 22d. A letter from Will, yesterday, stirred me up exceedingly. It seems that a brother of Helen Holmes' roommate has confided to Will that Helen's mother was insane for several years before she died—that her condition nearly killed her husband and caused their friends great distress. So Helen, he said, being a girl of high principle and strong good sense, had resolved to form no family ties, fearing she may have inherited a tendency to the same trouble, but is going to devote herself to teach-

ing. "Just think of it," adds Will, "a girl of her fortune, too! Why, you couldn't see her half a dozen times without feeling that she is too well poised to ever lose her mental balance. Besides, her mother's case is the first in the family and was not developed until Helen was two years old. The idea of such a shadow hanging over her life. I don't believe in it. Now, sis, I'll not write another word home until you report to me papa's opinion about this sort of case, without connecting my name with it."

So, last evening, I approached papa on the subject, and to my surprise he at once showed an anxious interest. "The girl may be right," he said, "in the course she has planned for herself, but it is probably unnecessary, if she is possessed of 'high principle and strong good sense.' Such qualities ought to counteract even a hereditary tendency, especially, Stella, if associated with that trusting faith in Providence which disarms the sorest trials of life of half their bitterness. There is no specific for a perturbed brain equal to a restful sense of security in Divine love. Cases of organic disease of the brain are exceptional, and, happily, rare. The most deplorable phase of the subject is the fact that numbers of minors are in asylums to-day, who are simply the victims of violated moral and physical laws. If the youths of the land would live pure lives, form regular habits and avoid all excesses, half of the insane asylums, during the next generation might be converted into industrial institutions. I say these things to you, daughter, because I want you to take them with you into after life."

Still more than this he said, and I have written it all out carefully for Will, who doubtless will think that his one point of inquiry has struck a mine of general ethics on the subject.

November 27th. Four weeks from to-day will be Christmas, and I find that I have saved but a small sum from my "allowance" for my own private charities. How hard it is to practice self denial. It probes down into one's selfishness and makes it look hideous.

Will is to spend the holidays with a college friend, and we are to have Mrs. Roland and Mary here for Christmas, and no one else, and have planned a pleasant surprise for them when they return home,

which will make their home-life more cheery, we think. Mamma has already made an inventory of the box she is going to fill for Mehetable and her mother, and I have commenced a fresh lot of caps for Miss Haven, for though they are mere patches of lace and ribbon, she thinks no one can make them right but mamma or myself.

November 29th. As the year wanes I am hoping that with all my faults I have gained sufficient stability of character at last to avoid the extremes of feeling in which I have too often indulged. The motto on my calender no longer taunts me, but "the development of a soul" has become a pleasant "study" as I teach Harry and Effie their daily lessons, and enjoy the review recitations in the library. And I have my reward for perseverance in this, for O, papa has said the loveliest things to me, of late, no matter if I don't deserve them all, I'm going to enjoy them. And mamma! ah, it's when she kisses me good-night that I can see her soul in her eyes and feel the depths of her love shining through. Surely, I have a happy home. What is the secret, I wonder? I have not thought it out.

November 30th. Ah! I boasted of stability too soon. My head is all in a whirl and I am giddy with excitement. Papa has just been telling me that it is now decided that early in the spring he is to go

to England, invested with the power of attorney to take possession of the Haven's estate—that he had declined doing this until Mr. Stone was here, who urged the matter and arranged the legal forms, and who also joined Mr. Haven in stipulating that papa should take his own time for travel and sight-seeing, and for consulting able surgeons regarding his hip trouble.

But this is not all. The Havens have planned from the first that I am to go also, with a purse of my own of their supplying. I would not accept such a favor from anybody else I know. But its going to be such a mercy to help them spend some of their income! Heigho!

But now comes a cooler. Mr. Stone wants Carrie to go with us, and papa favors it. I shall have to sleep on this, if I can. Good night, old journal.

NOTE.—And now, with the closing of the year, VICK's Young People are to part with Stella Ray and her fortunes. Perhaps, when the thread of her journal shall have been wove into more years of her life, that the maturer web may be somewhere unrolled, to give us a glimpse once more of familiar names and a study of the new patterns and tracings left by good and ill, by joy and sorrow, as the days have slipped behind her.—
MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

PRIZE ESSAYS FOR 1886.

A few subjects are here offered for Prize Essays, with the amounts of the prizes, as stated below. All persons competing on question 3 should send manuscripts to reach us not later than the first of February; to do this it will be necessary that they be post-marked not later than January 20th. For the other questions the manuscripts should be here by the first of March. As heretofore, the decisions in regard to the merits of these Essays will be made by competent and uninterested judges, whose only desire will be to decide with strict equity. The Essays will be published during the coming months.

For the best well written article on each of the following subjects, we offer to pay in seeds and plants selected from our FLORAL GUIDE, the sums as respectively stated.

1. How can Asparagus be best and most economically raised for market, and what are the details of cultivation, gathering, packing and marketing? Twenty Dollars. This subject was proposed last year, but failed to elicit competition.

2. How can Musk Melons be raised at the north, and marketed with profit? Twenty Dollars.

3. Can very early Radishes be profitably raised for market, and how should they be packed, and how long will they remain fresh and crisp? Twenty Dollars.

4. Raising the Calceolaria from seed to bloom, giving its full treatment in detail. Fifteen Dollars.

5. Raising the Gloxinia from seed to bloom, giving in detail its full treatment. Fifteen Dollars.

6. Raising the Cineraria from seed to bloom, with full particulars of treatment and culture. Fifteen Dollars.

OBITUARY.

We receive notice in a letter from one of her daughters, of the death of Mrs. E. J. BRAME, of Whitewright, Texas. The letter informs us that she had carefully cultivated flowers in her garden for many years, and "she had taken and read every copy of VICK's MAGAZINE, and had every volume bound, except the present year." Many statements made in the letter, and the general spirit of it, indicate that the subject of this notice was one who had endeared herself to her family by gentle, loving ways, and now that she has been taken away the fragrance of her memory is as sweet as that of the flowers she tended and loved so much. Her example of cultivating flowers has, evidently, impressed itself upon her family, and in this way she perpetuates her silent blessing upon them.



